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THE
BROKEN
HEART.

A Tragedy.

ACTED
By the KING'S Majesties Servants
at the priuate House in the
BLACK-FRIERS.

Fide Honor.

K Ford



LONDON:

Printed by J. B. for HUGH BUSTON, and are to
be sold at his Shop, near the Colles in
Cover-st. 1683.

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Comptons. 1633



TO
**THE MOST VVOR-
 THY DESERVER OF THE
 noblest Titles in Honour, VVIL-**

L I A M, Lord C R A V E N, Baron
of Hamstead Marshall

MY LORD,



THE glory of *Argument* inspir-
 ed by a greater glory of *Action*,
 hath in all ages liu'd the truest
 chronicle to his owne Memory.
 In the practise of which Argu-
 ment, *your growth* to perfection
 (even in youth) hath appear'd so
 sincere, so vn-flattering a *Penne-*
man; that Posterity cannot with
 more delight read the merit of *Noble endeauours*, then *noble*
endeauours merit thanks from Posterity to be read with de-
 light. Many Nations, many eyes, have beene witnesses of
 your *Deserts*, and lou'd Them: Be pleas'd then, with the
 freedome of your own Nature, to admit *ONE* amongst All,
 particularly into the list of such as honour a faire Example

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

I. Nobilitie. There is a kinde of humble *dedication*, not
 unreasonable, when the silence of flattery speaks forth in
 itself for itself, rather than commendation than Applause;
 you can easily commonly read even an Auditor, with-
 out the moderation of an able *Patronage*. I have ever beene
 slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant of such defects
 as are frequent to *Opinion*: but the Justice of your Inclination
Industry, emboldens my weaknesse, of confidence, to
 relish an experience of your *Mercy*, as many brave Dan-
 gers have talked of your *Courage*. Your Lordship stroue to
 be knowne to the world (when the world knew you, least)
 by voluntary but excellent *Attempts*: Like Allowance I
 plead of being knowne to your Lordship (in this low pre-
 sumption) by tending to a favourable entertainment, a *De-
 motion* offered from a heart, that can be as truely sensible of a
 ny least respect, as ever professe the owner in my best, my
 most services. A Lover of your small Love to Venice.

SPARTAN

The Prologue.

O Sparta. HE whose best of all
 is in this Piece, call it the Broken Heart
 that is the Love-Operation here
 of some lame leere
 no pretended clauſe
 of a Court's applauſe
 From delight admiration: ſuch low ſongs
 Tye'd to unſubſtances, ſuit not modeſt ſingers
 The Virgin ſister they deſerue a better
 When I have ſeene ſweetneſſe crown'd with ſorrow
 That ſhall gaffe for breath, whoſe whole Commerce
 Was whip'd to Exile by unblaſhing verſe
 Whoſe ſweetneſſe more then we allow
 Whoſe ſweetneſſe thought a fiction, when I ſee
 What ſweetneſſe was, was knowne A Truth
 In which if words had cloath'd the ſweetneſſe right
 It ſhould have beene a Delight

The
 Father of ſchools
 Original to diuinity
 Pious
 Theſe
 Theſe

The Scene, SPARTA.

The Speakers names, fitted to their
Qualities.

AMYCLAS,	<i>Common to the Kings of Laconia.</i>	
ITHOCLES,	<i>Honour of loneliness,</i>	<i>A favourite,</i>
ORGILVS,	<i>Angry,</i>	<i>Sonne to Crotolon,</i>
BASSANES,	<i>Ferocious,</i>	<i>A jealous Nobleman,</i>
ARMOSTES,	<i>An appeaser,</i>	<i>A Counsellor of State,</i>
CROTOLON,	<i>Noyse,</i>	<i>Another Counsellor,</i>
PROPHILVS,	<i>Deare,</i>	<i>Friend to Ithocles,</i>
NEARCHVS,	<i>Young Prince,</i>	<i>Prince of Argos,</i>
TECNICVS,	<i>Artist,</i>	<i>A Philosopher,</i>
LEMOPHIL,	<i>Glutton,</i>	<i>Two Courtiers,</i>
GRONEAS,	<i>Tavern-keeper,</i>	
AMELVS,	<i>Truffy,</i>	<i>Friend to Nearchus,</i>
PHVLAS,	<i>Watchfull,</i>	<i>Servant to Bassanes,</i>

CALANTHA,	<i>Flower of beauty,</i>	<i>The Kings daughter,</i>
PENTHEA,	<i>Complaint,</i>	<i>Sister to Ithocles,</i>
EUPHRANEA,	<i>Idly,</i>	<i>A Maid of Honour,</i>
CHRISTALLA,	<i>Christall,</i>	<i>Maids of Honour,</i>
PHILEMA,	<i>A kisse,</i>	
GRANSIS,	<i>Old Neldam,</i>	<i>Overseer of Penthea,</i>

Person's included.

THRASVS,	<i>Fiercenesse,</i>	<i>Father of Ithocles,</i>
APLOTES,	<i>Simplicity,</i>	<i>Orgilus so disguis'd,</i>

The

THE BROKEN HEART.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Crispian and Orestes.

Orestes. Alas, my father, I will know the reason
That sends thee to this journey, and
Orestes, my good Sir, all health,
I can tell you, and I will tell you

Crispian. Give me, a good one, and I will
Such I expect, and ere we part, I will
Ask you, pray why do you intend
To kick against the world, your Country, or
Or read the Logick Lecture, or become
An *Arithmetician*; and I will tell you
Teaching the Common wealth, or I will
The budding of your chin, or I will
So grave as he is, or I will

Crispian. You do not know, Sir, of books and letters, and
Enflame you to this quest, and I will
You may as freely find, or I will
Crispian. Not, that Sir, as I have I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth, and I will

THE BROKEN HEART.

After a long and tedious journey
 Fury, and rage, and sorrow, and pain,
 With many a sigh, and many a tear,
 With many a curse, and many a curse,
 Our hearts were joined, and our souls were
 Your hearts were joined, and your souls were
 Friends, and you were joined, and your souls were
 A resolution for a lasting league
 Between your Families was entertain'd,
 By joining in a common bond
 Me, and the faire *Leucis*, only daughter
 To *Thrasus*. *Cres.* What of this? *O.* Much, much (deere sir)
 A freedom of converse, an interchange
 Of holy, and chaste love, so fixt our soules
 In a firme growth of vnion, that no Time
 Can eat into the pledge, we had enjoy'd
 The sweets our vov'es expected, had not cruelty
 Preuented all those triumphs we prepar'd for,
 By *Thrasus* his vntimely death. *Cres.* Most certaine:
 One of these things I should have thought you would have
 Of *Acenia*, whose spirit was so much inuolunt
 All health, all comfort of a happy life
 For *Ishacles* her brother, prince of youth,
 And prender in his power, and his glory
 The memory of her death, and his sorrow,
 To glory in revenge, by causing partly,
 Partly by threat, to woe, and to sorrow, and to sorrow
 His virtuous sister to a marriage
 With *Basilius*, a Noble man, in town
 And richer, I denie to say, my friends
Cres. All this is a sad reason to importune
 My leave for to depart. *O.* Now it follows
 By an insulting brother, being secretly
 Compeld to yeeld her virgin freedom
 To him, who was the victor of her heart
 Before contracted him, and now to you

The Banquet

To a most barbarous shelding
 Affliction that he *Org.* *Org.*
 Whose *Org.* *Org.*
 In hearing but his name *Org.* *Org.*
 The man that calls her wife, consider truly
 What Heaven of perfections he is Lord of
 By thinking faire *Org.* *Org.* *Org.*
 Begets a kind of Monster, Love, which Love
 Is nurse vnto a feare so strong, and so vile
 As brands all dogge with a Ialousie
 All eyes who gaze upon that shining of beauty
 He doth refuse, *Org.* *Org.* *Org.*
 Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then
 (If opportunity but serue) *Org.* *Org.*
 So much out of a false-vow on his selfe
 His feares transport him, as that he finde a cause
 In her obedience, but his owne distrust
Org. You spin out your discourse, *Org.* *Org.*
 For knowing how the Maid was heretofore
 Courted by me, *Org.* *Org.*
 That I should steale againe into her fauours
 And vndermine her vertues, which shee gods
 Know I nor dare, nor dresse of, *Org.* *Org.*
 I vndertake a voluntary exile
 First, by my absence to take off the eare and a
 Of Icalous Bassanes, but chiefe (Sir)
 To free *Org.* *Org.*
 Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
 Her presence makes to live in me
Org. *Org.* *Org.*
 I haue a full consent: — Alas good Lady —
 Wee shall heare from thee often? *Org.* *Org.* *Org.*
 Thy sister comes to giue a farewell.

Org. *Org.*
 Fupor. Brother.

Org. *Org.*
 A brothers kiss

The Broken HEART.

Thy health, and thy well-doing, then my life.
 Before we part, in presence of our Father,
 I must preferre a link to thee. *Enphr.* You may tell in
 My brother, a command. *Org.* That you will promise
 To passe never to any man, how eare worthy,
 Your faith, till with our Father's leave
 I giue a free consent. *Cris.* An easie motion,
 I'll promise for her. *Org.* Your pardon?
Enphr. My oath must yeeld me satisfaction.

Enphr. By *Vesta's* sacred fires I swear. *Cris.* And I
 By great *Apoll's* becomes Ioyne in the vow;
 Not without thy allowance, to bestow her
 On any living. *Org.* Dete *Enphr.* satisfied, no more
 Mistake me not; farre, farre 'tis from my thought,
 As farre from any wish of mine, to hinder
 Preferment to an honourable bed,
 Or sitting Fortune: thou art young, and handsome;
 And were misfortune; more, a tyrant
 Not to advance thy merits. Trust me sister,
 It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
 As may become thy choyce, and our contents:
 I haue your oath. *Enphr.* You haue: but mean you brother
 To leave us as you say? *Cris.* Oh, *Enphr.*
 He has iust grounds direct him: I will prone
 A father and a brother to thee. *Enphr.* Heaven
 Does looke into the secrets of all hearts:
 Gods you haue mercy with 'em, else — *Cris.* Doubt nothing
 Thy brother will returne in safety to vs.

Org. Soules sunk in sorrowes, neuer are without 'em;
 They change from ayes, but beare their grieues about 'em.

— vha! boogies! — *Exeunt*

Flourish. *Scene 2.*

Enter Augustus the King, Attendants, Prophets,
and attendants.

Aug. The Spanish Ambassadors graciously
 Shall bend before their Aikins, and performe

The

The Broken Heart.

Their Temples with abundant sacrifice,
 See Lords, *Amy* as your old King is entering
 Into his youth againe: I shall make on
 This silver badge of age, and change this now
 For barres as gay as are *Apollo's* lockes;

Our heart leaps in new vigour. *Arms*. May old time
 Run backe to double your long life (great Sir)

Amy. It will, it must. *Arms*, thy bold Nephew,
 Death-braving *Ithobal*, brings to our gates
 Triumph and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
 Hath in this latter warre trod underfoot
Meffene's pride: *Meffene* bowes her necke
 To *Lacedaemons* royalty: & 'twas

A glorious victory, and doth deserve
 More then a Chronicle; a Temple Lords,
 A Temple, to the name of *Ithobal*.

Where didst thou leave him *Propheta*? *Proph*. At *Pepheo*
 Most gracious Soueraigne: twenty of the noblest
 Of the *Meffene*, there attend your pleasure
 For such conditions as you shall propose,
 In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amy. When comes your friend the General? *Pro*. He promis'd
 To follow with all speed convenient.

*Enter Cynthia, Calantha, Chrystalla,
 Philena and Euphranta.*

Amy. Our daughters:— Dears *Calantha*, the happy newes,
 The conquest of *Meffene*, hath already
 Enrich'd thy knowledge. *Calan*. With the circumstance
 And manner of the fight, related faithfully
 By *Propheta* himselfe: but pray Sir, tell me,
 How doth the youthful General demean
 His actions in these fortunes? *Proph*. Excellent Princeesse,
 Your own faire eyes may soon report a truth
 Vnto your judgement, with what moderation
 Calamities of warre, amidst blood and flames
 Of chanc'd destruction, he hath kept

The Broken HEART.

Such amplitude of his success, as would
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance 'em to comparison with heaven.
But *Ishocles*. — *Cal.* Your friend. — *Proph.* He is to *Phalanx*,
In which the period of my Fate consists:
He in this Firmament of honour, stands
Like a Starre fixt, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of selfe-opinion: He hath serv'd his Country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty. *Cros.* You describe
A miracle of man. *Amy.* Such *Crotolon*,
On forfeit of a Kings word thou wilt loose him:
Harke, warning of his comming, all attend him.

Flourish.

*Enter Ishocles, Hemophil, and Crocolon, they report
the Lords vndering him in.*

Amy. Returne into these armes, thy home, thy language,
Delight of *Sparta*, treasure of my bosome,
Mine owne, owne *Ishocles*. *Ish.* Your humblest subject.

Armo. Proud of the blood I claime an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee
Right noble Nephew. *Ish.* Sir, your love's too partiall.

Cros. Our Country speaks by me, who by thy valour,
Wisdom and service, shares in this great action:
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A generall welcom. *Ish.* You exceed in bounty.

Calan. *Chrystalle*, *Philona*, the Chaplet. — *Ishocles*
Upon the wings of Fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I my selfe, with mine owne hands, have wrought
To crowne thy Temples, this provinciall garland:
Accept, weare, and enjoy it, as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchas'd. *Ish.* You are too good.

Amy. Shee is in all our daughter. *Ish.* Let me blush,

Acknow

The Broken HEART.

Acknowledging how poorly I haue seru'd,
 What nothings I haue done compar'd with th' honours
 Heaped on the iune of a willing minde;
 In that lay mine ability, that enuie —
 For who is he toll'd with from his birth?
 So little worthy of a name, or country,
 That owes not out of gratitude for life,
 A debt of Service, in what kinde soeuer
 Safety or Counsaile of the Common-wealth
 Requires for payment? *Cal.* A speaks truth. *I. Ibo.* Whom Heaven
 Is pleas'd to stile victorious, there, to such,
 Applable runs madding, like the drunken priests
 In *Bacchus* sacrifices without Reason;
 Voycing the Leader on a Demi-god:
 When as indeed, each common souldiers blood
 Drops downe as current coyne in that hard purchase,
 As his, whole much more delicate condition
 Hath suckt the milke of ease. Iudgement commands,
 But Resolution executes: I yel nor
 Before this royall presence, these at heights,
 As in contempt of such as can direct:
 My speech hath other end; not to attribute
 All praise to one mans fortune, which is strengthed
 By many hands. — For instance, here is *Prophilus*
 A Gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
 Of much desert; and though in other ranke,
 Both *Hemophil* and *Gronaus* were not misting
 To wish their Countries peace; for in a word,
 All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Am. Courtiers turne souldiers? — we vouchsafe our hand.
 Observe your great example, *Hem.* With all diligence
Gron. Obsequiously and homely. *Am.* Some repple
 After these toyles are needfull: we must thinke on
 Conditions for the Commend; they expect em.
 On — some my *liberals*. *Am.* Sir with your fauour
 I need not a supporter. *Pro.* Fare you well.

Exeunt. Myron, Hemophil, Gronaus, Philolaus, Philolaus.

Hemophil

The Broken HEART.

Hemphill *Keyes*, *Christella*, *General*, *Philena*.
Chry. With me? *Phil.* Indeed I dare not say. *How Sweet Lady*
Souldiers are blunt; — you know I am. *Pre* this is touché;
 You went not hence such creature. *Gen.* Spirit of valour
 Is of a mounting nature. *Phil.* It appears so,
 Pray in earnest, how many men speeche
 Have you two become the death of? *Gen.* Faith not many;
 We were compos'd of mercy. *Hem.* For our daring
 You heard the *General's* approbation
 Before the King. *Chry.* You with'd your Country's peace
 That shew'd your charity; where are your spoiles,
 Such as the Souldier fights for? *Phil.* They are coming.
Chri. By the next Carrier, are they not? *Gen.* Sweet *Philena*,
 When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
 Slashing off one mans head, another's nose,
 Another's armes and legs. *Phil.* And all together.
Gen. Then would I with a sigh remember thee;
 And cry deare *Philena*, for thy sake
 I doe these deeds of wonder; — dost not love me
 With all thy heart now? *Phil.* Now as heretofore.
 I haue not put my love to vs, the principall
 Will hardly yeeld an Interest. *Gen.* By *Mars*
 I'll marry thee. *Phil.* By *Vulcan* you are forsworne,
 Except my mind doe aliter strangely. *Gen.* One word.
Chri. You lye beyond all modesty, — forbear me.
Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a City, tis
 Mine owne by conquest. *Chri.* By petition; sue for't
 In *Forma pauperis*: — City? *Kennell*. Gallants
 Off with your Fathers, put on aprons, Gallants;
 Learne to reele, thym, or trim a Ladies dog,
 And be good quiet soules of peace. *Hem.* Goblins.
Hem. *Christella*? *Chri.* Pray to dril' hogs, to hope
 To share in the Arorns. Souldiers? Corn cutters,
 But not so valiant; they oft pines draw blood,
 Which you durst neuer doe. When you haue pined
 More wit, or more civility, wee'll make you a son
 I th list of men: till then, beate the dogs of armes.

The Broken HEART

Dare not to speake to vs, — most potent *Gronow*.

Phil. And *Hemphill* the hardy, — at your seruices.

Gron. They scorne vs as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang 'em, let vs scorne them, and be reueng'd.

Exeunt Chri. et Philema

Gron. Shall we? *Hem.* We will; and when we sleight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow vs.

It is a womans nature. *Gron.* 'Tis a scurvy one.

Exeunt omnes

Scene 3.

*Enter Tecnicus a Philosopher, and Orgilus disguised
like a Scholler of his.*

Tecn. Tempt not the Stars (young man) thou canst not play
With the scurvy of Fate: this change
Of habit, and disguise in outward view,
Hides not the secrets of thy soule within thee,
From their quicke-piercing eyes, which diue at all times
Downe to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger. *Org.* Give me leave
(Grane *Tecnicus*) without fore-dooming destiny,
Vnder thy rooffe to ease my silent griefes,
By applying to my hidden wounds, the balme
Of thy Oraculous Lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way, as to wrest
My steps to ruine, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me backe, and set my footings streight:
I will not count the world. *Tecn.* Ah *Orgilus*,
Neglects in young men of delights, and life,
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harmes to others, who contemne their owne.

Org. But I (most learned Artist) am not so much
At odds with Nature, that I grutch the thrift
Of any true deseruer: nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so checke them with despaire,
As that I yeeld to thought of more affliction

The Broken HEART.

Then what is incident to frailty : wherefore
 Impure not this retired course of living
 Some little time, to any other cause
 Then what I iustly render : the information
 Of an vnaffected minde, as the effect
 Must clearly witnesse. *Tern.* Spirit of truth inspire thee.
 On these conditions I conceale thy change,
 And willingly admit thee for an Auditor.
 Plese my study. *Org.* I to contemplations :
 In these delightfull walkes — thus metamorphiz'd,
 I may without suspition hearken after
Pembroke vsage, and *Euphrasia* faith :
 Loue ! thou art full of mystery : the Deities
 Themselues are not secure, in searching out
 The secrets of those flames, which hidden wast
 A breast, made tributary to the Lawes
 Of beauty ; Physicke yet hath neuer found
 A remedy, to cure a Louers wound.

Ha ? who are these that crosse yon priuate walke
 Into the shadowing groue, in amorous foldings ?

*Prophilus passes ouer, supporting
 Euphrasia, and whispering.*

My Sister ; o my Sister ? 'tis *Euphrasia*
 With *Prophilus*, supported too ; I would
 It were an Apparition ; *Prophilus*
 Is *Ithacles* his friend : It strangely pusses me :
 Againc ? helpe me my booke ; this Schollers habit
 Must stand my priuilege : my mind is bulge,
 Mine eyes, and eares are open.

walkes by reading.

Enter againe Prophilus and Euphrasia.

Propb. Doe not wast
 The span of this stolne time (lent by the gods
 For precious vs) in nicenesse ! Bright *Euphrasia*,
 Should I repeat old vowes, or study new,
 For purchase of belecte to my desires —

Org. D. lires ? *Propb.* My seruice, my integrity —

Org. That's better. *Propb.* I should but repeat a lesson

The Broken HEART.

Oft connd without a prompter ; but thine eyes,
My Loue is honourable — *Org.* So was mine
To my *Penthea*: chafly honourable.

Proph. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happineffe, then hauing thee a wife,
Already sure of *Isheclia* a friend,
Firme, and vn-alterable. *Org.* But a brother
More cruell then the grane. *Euphr.* What can you looke for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an vnskillfull mayd, but language suited
To a diuided minde? *Org.* Hold out *Euphrasia*.

Euphr. Know *Prophila*, I neuer vnder-valued
(From the first time you mentioned worthy loue)
Your merit, meanes, or person: It had beene
A fault of iudgement in me, and a dulnesse
In my affections, not to weigh and thanke
My better Starres, that offered me the grace
Of so much blisfulnesse. For to speake truth,
The law of my desires kept equall pace
With yours, nor haue I left that resolution;
But onely in a word, what-euer choyce
Liues nextst in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father, and my brother,
E're he can owne me his. *Org.* She is forsworne else.

Proph. Leauce me that taske. *Euphr.* My brother e're he parted
To *Asbens*, had my oath. *Org.* Yes, yes, 'a had sure.

Proph. I doubt not with the meanes the Court supplies,
But to preuaile at pleasure. *Org.* Very likely.

Proph. Meane time, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant suffrance
In any opposition. *Euphr.* Death shall sooner
Dinorce life, and the ioyes I haue in lining,

Then my chafte vov'es from truth. *Proph.* On thy faire hand
I seale the like. *Org.* There is no faith in woman —
Passion? ô be contain'd: my very heart-strings
Are on the Tenters. *Euphr.* Sir, we are over-heard;
Cupid protect vs: 'twas a stirring (Sir)

The Broken HEART.

Of some one neere. *Proph.* Your scares are needlesse, Lady;
None haue accessse into these priuate pleasures,
Except some neere in Court, or bolonie Students
From *Tennisse* his Oratory; granted
By speciall fauour lately from the King
Vnto the graue Philosopher. *Enphr.* Me thinkes
I heare one talking to himselfe: I see him

Proph. 'Tis a poore Scholler, as I told you Lady.

Org. I am discovered — Say it: is it possible
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason (— I come t'ce Sir)
To turne, or to appease the raging Sea?
Answer to that, — your Art? what Art to catch
And hold fast in a net the Sunnes small Atomes?
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; ye may as easily
Out-run a Cloud, drinen by a Northerne blast,
As fiddle faddle so. Peace, or speake sense.

Enphr. Call you this thing a Scholler? 'las hee's lunaticke.

Proph. Obserue him (sweet) 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you heare a little Lyon are so teatchy,
You keepe no rule in argument; Philosophy
Workes not vpon impossibilities,
But naturall conclusions. — Mew? — absurd;
The metaphisicks are but speculations
Of the celestiaall bodies, or such accidents
As not mixt perfectly, in the Ayre ingendred,
Appeare to vs vnnaturall; that's all.

Proue it; — yet with a reuerence to your grauity,
I'll banke illiterate sawinessse, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Proph. Now let vs fall in with him. *Org.* Ha ha ha:
These Apish boyes, when they but tast the Grammates,
And principals of Theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers Confidence
Leads many into errors. *Proph.* By your leaue Sir.

Enphr. Are you a Scholler (friend?) *Org.* I am (gay creature)
With pardon of your Deities, a mushrome.

The Broken HEART.

On whom the dew of heauens drops now and then;
The Sonne shines on me too, I thank his beames;
Sometime I feele their warmth, and eat, and sleepe.

Proph. Does *Teticus* read to thee? *Org.* Yes forsooth.
He is my master surely, yonder dore
Opens vpon his Study. *Proph.* Happy creatures;
Such people toyle not (sweet) in heats of Study,
Nor sinke in thawes of greatnesse. Their affections
Keepe order with the limits of their modesty;
Their loue is lone of vertue. What's thy name?

Org. *Aplotes* (Inmptuous master) a poore wretch.

Enphr. Dost thou want any thing? *Org.* Books (*Venus*) books.

Proph. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought;
And most auailable for both our comforts.

Enphr. My Lord. *Proph.* Whiles I endeavour to deserve
Your fathers blessing to our loues, this Scholler
May daily at some certaine houres attend,

What notice I can write of my successe,
Here in this groue, and giue it to your hands:
The like from you to me; so can we neuer,
Barr'd of our mutuall speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talke when our tongues cannot.

Enphr. Occasion is most fauourable, vse it.

Proph. *Aplotes*, wilt thou wait vs twice a day;
At nine i'th morning, and at foure at night,
Here in this Bower, to conuey such letters
As each shall send to other? Doe it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy Study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Ioue make me thankfull, thankfull, I beseech thee
Propitious Ioue, I will proue sure and trusty.

You will not faile me bookes. *Proph.* Nor ought besides
Thy heart can wish. This Ladies name's *Euphrasia*,
Mine *Prophilus*. *Org.* I haue a pretty memory,
It must proue my best friend. — I will not misse
One minnte of the houres appointed. *Proph.* Write
The bookes thou wouldst haue bought thee in a note,

The Broken HEART.

Or take thy selfe some money. *Org.* No, no money : Money to Schollers is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or bookes, or nothing.

Proph. Bookes of what sort thou wilt doe not forget.
Our names. *Org.* I warrant 'ee, I warrant 'ee.

Proph. Smile *Hymen* on the grutch of our desires,
Wee'll feed thy torches with eternall fires. *Exeunt, manet Org.*

Org. Put out thy *Touche* *Hymen*, or their light
Shall meet a darkenesse of eternall night.
Inspire me *Mercury* with swift deceits;

Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine armes;
Beyond the compasse of my braine. ——— Mortality

Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles, which are purpos'd by the gods.

Great *Arts* best write themselves in their owne stories,
They dye too basely, who out-lue their glories. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus; Scena prima.

Enter Bassanes and Phul.

Bass. I'le hane that window next the street dam'd vp;
It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a Gazers glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats, and trancels,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-whelp
Adultery be lick'd into the act,
The very act; that light shall be dam'd vp;
D'ee heare Sir? *Phul.* I doe heare my Lord; a Mason
Shall be provided suddenly. *Bass.* Some Rogue,
Some Rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slanes and strumpets) to conuey close packers
From this spruce springall, and the tother youngster;
That gawdy Ear-wrig, or my Lord, your Patron,
Whole pensioner you are. ——— Ile tear thy throat out.

Sonne

The Broken HEART

Sonne of a Cat, all-looking Hound's-head; rip vp
Thy viterous maw; if I but scann a paper
A scroll, but halfe as big as what can couer
A wart vpon thy nose, a spot, a pimple
Directed to my Lady: it may proue
A mysticall preparatiue to lewdnesse.

Phul. Care shall be had. — I will see every threede
About me to an eye. — here's a sweet life

Bass. The City housewines, cunning in the traffiques
Of Chamber-merchandise, set all at price
By whole-sale, yet they wipe their mouthes, and simper,
Cull, kisse, and cry Sweet hart, and stroke the head
Which they haue branch'd, and all is wofull againe
Dull clouds of dirt, who dare not feele the rubs

Stucke on the face-heads? *Phul.* 'Tis a villanous world,

One cannot hold his owne in't. *Bass.* Dames at Court

Who flaunt in riots, runne another hye

Their pleasure heauens the patient Affe that suffers

Vp on the stile of Office, titles, incomes;

Promotion iustifies the shame, and thus for't

Poore Honour I thou art stab'd, and bleed'st to death

By such vnlawfull hire. The Countesse misse

Is yet more wary, and in bluddes hides

What euer trespass drawes her troth to guilt

But all are false. O this garb I haue bold,

No woman but can fall, and doth, or would

Now for the newest newes about the Citie;

What blab the voyces firmer? *Phul.* O my Lord,

The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling newes

That euer — *Bass.* Hey do, vp and ride me Rascall,

What is't? *Phul.* Forsooth (they say) the King has mew'd

All his gray beard, in stead of which is budded

Another of a pure Carnation-colour,

Speckled with Greene and Russet. *Bass.* Ignorant blocke.

Phul. Yes truly, and tis talk about the streets

That since Lord *Altham* came home, the Lyons

Neuer left rearing, as which boye the Bears

Have

The Broken HEART.

Have danc'd their very hearts out. *Bass.* Dance out thine too.

Phil. Besides, Lord *Orrinus* is fled to *Achins* where he is hid
Vpon a fiery Dragon, and 'tis thought
A' nener can returne. *Bass.* Grant it *Apollo*.

Phil. Moreover, please your Lordship, 'tis reported
For certaine, that who euer is found icalous

Without apparant prooffe that a wife is wanton,
Shall be diuorc'd: but this is but she-newes,
I had it from a midwife. I haue more yet.

Bass. Anticke, no more; Ideots and stupid fooles

Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yeeld presumption of a faultie soule?

Looke to the deere. *Phil.* The herde of plenty crest him:

Bass. Swornnes of confusion huddle in my thoughts

In rare distemper. *Henry P.* & it is

An ynmatcht blessing, or a horrid curse.

Enter Penibel, and Gruffs an old Lady.

Shee comes, she comes; to shoot the morning forth;

Spangled with pearles of transparent dew;

The way to poverty is to be rich;

As I in her am wealthy; but for her

In all contents a Bankrupt. *Lou'd Penibel,*

How fares my hearts best ioy? *Gram.* In sooth not well,

She is so over-sad. *Bass.* Haue chattering Mag-pye.

Thy brother is return'd (sweet) safe, and honour'd

With a Triumphant victory: thou shalt visit him

We will to Court, where, if it be thy pleasure,

Thou shalt appeare in such a vanishing lustre

Of Iewels aboue value; that the Dames

Who keepe it there, in rage to be out-shin'd,

Shall hide them in their Closets, and unseene

Pret in their teares; whiles euery wondring eye

Shall craue none other brightnesse but thy presence.

Choose thine owne recreations, be a Queene

Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,

What place, what times, doe any thing, doe all things.

Youth

The Broken HEART

Y^{ou} can command, to this effect, *My Lord*,
From the pure argument of thy face I see

Gran. Now 'tis well said my Lord, what Lady? laugh;
Be merry, time is precious. *Bas.* Farts whip thee.

Pen. Alas my Lord, this language of your hand and
Scends as would music to the ears: I note
No braveries nor cost of dress, no draw
The whiteness of my skin into offence;
Let such (if any such there are) who count
A curiosity of admittance,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gawdy out-fits; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion nobly plac'd,
Change not the Linory your robes below,
My Fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bas. This house me thinks stands somewhat too much inward;
It is too melancholy, wee'll remove
Nearer the Court; at what think's my *Penelope*
Of the delightfull Island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish. *Pen.* I am no *Millicent*;
Whither you please, I'll attend; all wayes
Are alike pleasant to me. *Gran.* Island? prison:
A prison is as gay some: wee'll no Islands;
Marry out vpon 'em, whom shall we see there?
Sea-gulls, and Porpiscis, and water-rats,
And Crabs, and Meeres, and Dogfish? goodly geere
For a young Ladies dealing, or an old ones:
On no termes Islands, I'll be stew'd first. *Bas.* *Gran.*
You are a Ingling Bawd. — This Island (sweetest)
Becomes not youthfull blood, — (I'll have you pounded)
For my sake put on a more cheerefull mirth,
Thou'lt marre thy cheekes, and make me old in griefes.
— (Damnable Bitch-foxe.) *Gran.* I am think of hearing
Still when the wind blowes Southerly. What think's 'ee
If your fresh Lady bread young bones (my Lord?)
Weed not a chopping boy d'ce good at heart?

The Broken Heart

But as you said, *Bass.* I have a commandment
Or chop thee into colloquies. *Phil.* I have a commandment
Sure, sure, the wind blows South still. *Bass.* Thou dost malign

Bass. 'Tis very hot, if we are not very merry. *Phil.* A merry time

Phil. A merry time, this is my Lord, this is my Lord, this is my Lord.

Phil. A heard of Lords, Sir. *Bass.* I have a commandment

Bass. Where? *Phil.* Shoulds of hearts, *Bass.* I have a commandment

In drifts—th'one enter, th'other stand, and with me, Sir, (Carries T

And now I vanish. *Phil.* Who comes? *Bass.* I have a commandment

Enter *Prophilus*, *Hemophil*, *Gronach*, *Christiana*

and *Philene*, civil list of yingling plenty to full vic

Proph. Noble *Bassanes*. *Bass.* I have a commandment

Bass. Most welcome *Prophilus*, *Hemophil*, *Gronach*, *Christiana*

To all, my heart is open, y'all be welcome. *Phil.* I have a commandment

(A tympany swels in my heart, a study) *Phil.* I have a commandment

Honour me bountifully, *Phil.* I have a commandment

Wagons and horses together. *Phil.* I have a commandment

By virtue of your love to him, I am sure, *Phil.* I have a commandment

Your instant presence, *Phil.* I have a commandment

Proph. The gods preserve him ever: yet (dear beauty)

I finde some alteration in him lately. *Phil.* I have a commandment

Since his returne to Spaine, my good Lord, *Phil.* I have a commandment

I pray use no delay. *Bass.* I have a commandment

An invitation, if his sisters health

Had not fallen into question. *Phil.* I have a commandment

Slacke not a minute: lead the way good *Prophilus*,

I'll follow step by step. *Proph.* Your arm, Madam.

Bass. One word with your old Bawdship: th' hadst bin better

Raild at the finge thou worshipst, than have thwarted

My will. I'll use thee curiously. *Gron.* You do.

You are beside your selfe. A Politician

In ieaousie? No, y'are too grosse, too vulgar.

Pish, teach not me my trade, I know my cue:

My crossing you, sinks me into her trust,

By which I shall know all: my trade's a sure one.

I. f. Forgive me, *Gron.* I was consideration

The Broken Heart

I tell thee not, but thou shalt know
I am no new-come-too. Thy life is mine,
And so is mine. My Agonies are infinite.

Enter Ambition.

Amb. Ambition? tis a viper bred, it knowes
A passage through the wound that gave it motion,
Ambition? like a teelede Bone, mounts upward
Higher and higher still to peare on clouds,
But tumbles headlong downe with heavier fumes
So squibs and crackers flye into the ayre,
Then onely breaking with a noyse, they vanishe
In stench and smoke: Morality applid
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whole sweet musick in our actions and
But this is forme of books, and school-tradition,
It plye ficks not the fountaine of the minde
Broken with griefes, strong Passions are not eas'd
With counsell, but with best receipts, and meanes,
Meanes, speedy meanes, and certaine that will cure.

Arms. You strike Lord upon a point
Too nice, and too vaine. I will not
Iseuery way desertfull. Thinke thou
Your wisdom is to see the end of this
From your fondness take heed. Yet not for so
(My Lord *Arms*) thinke it best to die
Vpon the painted wall of a broken heart,
Which tempts me to a broken heart. *Arms.* Not yet
Reasoned. Lord, I will not be so
Be so auailable, with a will to die
For his repaire to see. The King will
Will ioyne with out a word, he has beene a too.

Arms. Yes, and the King will be a too
For a dispatch. *Arms.* Yes, and the King will be a too

The Broken Heart

Ish. Your engrav'd Picture still, and looks
Holds too fierce a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendant or assistance.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I am sure,
T' impart her to a chamber. *Disheer will,*
Shee governs her own house; (noble schooler)
We thank the gods for your success, and welfare.
Our Lady hat of late beene indispos'd;
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ish. How does *Princess* now? *Per.* You best know brother,
From whom my health and comfort are deriv'd.

Basf. I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest;
There may be tricks, yet, tricks. — Have an eye *Gravst.*

Calan. Now *Croston*, the suit we joy'd in must not
Fall by too long demurre. *Cros.* 'Tis granted, *Princess*,
For my part. *Armo.* With condition, that his former
Favour the Contract. *Calan.* Such delay is eafie.
The ioyes of marriage make thee *Propertie*,
A proud deseruer of *Euphrasia*'s love;
And her of thy desert. *Princess* most sweetly precious.

Basf. The ioyes of marriage are the best on earth,
Life's paradise (great *Princess*) the gates of heav'n;
Sinewes of concord, earthly immortality;
Eternity of pleasures; no restlessness
Like to a constant woman. — (but where is she?)
'T would puzzle all the gods, but to make
Such a new monster. — I can speak my proofs;
For I rest in *Elysium*, 'tis my happiness.

Cros. *Euphrasia* how are you resolv'd? (speaks freely)
In your affections to this Gentleman?

Euphr. Nor more, nor less than his love assures me,
Which (if you living with my husband were)
I cannot but approve of all points worthy.

Cros. So, so, I know your answer. *Ish.* 'T had bin pity
To find hearts so equally contented.

The Broken Heart

Hem. The King (Lord) commands your presence
And (fairest Princess) yours. *Calio.* We will attend him.

Enter Gron.
Gron. Where are the Lords? all must wait on the King
Without delay: the Prince of Argas.

Gron. Is coming to the Court, Good Lady. *Calio.* How?
The Prince of Argas? *Gron.* I was my former Master; you see
I enjoy the honour of these happy times.

Ish. Penthes! *Pen.* Brother! Let me see how we hence
Meet you alone, within the Palace grounds, for we had wished
I had some secret with you. — Prethe friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Propb. I shall. *Bass.* How's that? *Ish.* Alone, pray be alone.
I am your creature, print it on my forehead.

Bass. Alone, alone? what meaneth that word alone?
Why might not I be to read him? — *Calio.* Her brother;
Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood;
And this same wherof Court-rats do companion
To a rebellion in the robes of state.
His fine friend, *Propb.* I shall be his guardian;
Why may not he dispatch his suit? — *Calio.* The joys of
Before the other come? — *Propb.* — *Calio.* — *Propb.* —
For one another? bee't to sister, brother, on;
Wife, Couzen, any thing, — *Calio.* — *Propb.* —
Is in request: It is so — *Calio.* — *Propb.* —
But if I be a Cuckold and am known, — *Calio.* —
I will be fell, and fell.

Gron. My Lord, you call for me. — *Calio.* —
Bass. Most humble I shall be to you. — *Calio.* —
Gron. Retire down, — *Calio.* — *Propb.* —
There's an old waiter will bring you. — *Calio.* —
Gron. She sits at the foot of the bed. — *Calio.* —
Bass. Alleepe? Deepe Sir (thou art) your presence is required.
You will not to the King? *Bass.* — *Calio.* — *Propb.* —

Gron.

The Broken Heart

Org. Your scrupulous good love, I will in your foot step

Proph. In this walke (Lady) will your brother find you:

And with your fauour, giue me a little
To worke a preparation in his minde
I haue obseru'd of late, some kind of slackness
To such alicrity as Nature
And custom took delight in: So that he grows
Vpon his recreations, which he best did
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will, as you shall in friendship
And lesse good minners, I will not inquisit
Of secrecies without an invitation.

Phoph. With pardon, Lady, was I blameable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the doct.

Proph. Doe thy best

To make this Lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, Sir. I will. Prothe leave me,
I haue some priuate thoughts I would account with
Vse thou thine owne. **Org.** Spoke on, faire nimph, our soules
Can dance as well to musick of the Sphaeres
As any's who haue feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your Schoole termes are soe troublesome. **Org.** What heauen
Refines mortality from dross of earth
But such as vncompounded beauty follows
With glorified perfection. **Pen.** Serthy who
In a lesse wild proportion. **Org.** That can neuer
On the white table of vnguiltie flesh
Write counterfeit dishonour; turne those eyes
(The arrowes of pure love) vpon that fire
Which once rose to a flame, perfume'd with vower
As sweetly sented as the sacrifice making
The holiest Artars, Virgin teares (like those

The Broken HEART.

On *Pesta's* odours) sprinkled dew to feed 'em, and
And to increase their fervour. *Pen.* Be not franticke.

Org. All pleasures are but meer imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steame,
And fight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the small taste of food,
Such is the leanness of a heart divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the linely stampe of equall souls.

Pen. Away, some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue?

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in us of afflictions,
Above all succrance. — Thing of talke be gone,
Be gone without reply. *Org.* Be last, *Pamela*,

In thy commands: when thou send'st forth a doome
Of banishment, know first on whom is light;
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded vp from view of common eyes;

What is thy sentence next? *Pen.* Rash man, thou layest

A blemish on mine honour with the hazard

Of thy too desperate life: yet I professe,

By all the Lawes of ceremonious wedlocke,

I have not given admittance to one thought

Of female change, since cruelty enforce'd

Diuorce betwixt my body and my heart:

Why would you fall from goodnesse thus? *Org.* O rather

Examine me how I could lye to say

I haue bin much, much wrong'd; 'tis for thy sake

I put on this Imposture; deare *Pamela*,

If thy soft bosome be not turn'd to marble,

Thou'lt pittie our calamities; my Interest

Confirmes me thou art mine still. *Pen.* Lend your hand;

With both of mine I claspe it thus, thus kisse it,

Thus kneele before ye. *Org.* You instruct my duty.

Pen. We may stand vp: Haue you ought else to vrge
Of new demand? as for should forget it,

The Broken HEART.

'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be euer; what more would yet?

Org. I would possesse my wife, the equity
Of very reason bids me. *Pen.* Is that all?

Org. Why 'tis the all of me my selfe. *Pen.* Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrowed shape. *Org.* You are obey'd, 'tis done!

Pen. How (*Orgilus*) by promise I was thine,
The heavens doe witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I doe loathe thee
Yet *Orgilus*, and yet, must best appeare
In tendering thy freedome; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might giue deeper wounds to discontents:
Continue this faire race, then though I cannot
Adde to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pittie mine owne ruine. — Live, live happy.
Happy in thy next choyce, that thou maist people
This barren age with vertues in thy issue:
And ô, when thou art married, thinke on me
With mercy, not contempt: I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall:
Now let vs part. *Org.* Part I yet advise thee better:

Pen is the wife to *Orgilus*,
And euer shall be. *Pen.* Neuer shall nor will.

Org. How! *Pen.* Heare me, in a word I'll tell thee why:
The Virgin dewry which my birth bestow'd,
Is raviſh'd by another: my true love
Abhorres to thinke, that *Orgilus* deserv'd
No better fauours then a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason. *Pen.* To confirme it,
Should I outline my bondage, let me meet
Another worse then this, and lesse desir'd,

The Broken HEART.

If of all the men alive thou shouldst but touch
My lip, or hand againe. *Org. Penthæa*, now
I tell'ee you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come sweet, th'art mine. *Pen.* Vnciuill Sir, forbear,
Or I can turne affection into vengeance;
Your reputation (if you value any)
Lyes bleeding at my feet. Vnworthy man,
If euer henceforth thou appeare in language,
Message, or letter to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my Starres for forfeit of my iudgement.
Goe thou, sit onely for disguise and walkes,
To hide thy shame: this once I spare thy life;
I laugh at mine owne confidence; my sorrowes
By thee are made inferiour to my fortunes.
If euer thou didst harbour worthy lone,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may neuer see thee more. — Goe from me.

Org. I'teare my vaile of politicke French off,
And stand vp like a man resolu'd to doe
Action, not words shall shew me. *O Penthæa.*

Exit Orgilus.

Pen. 'A sigh'd my name sure as he parted from me,
I feare I was too rough: Alas poore Gentleman,
'A look'd not like the ruines of his youth,
But like the ruines of those ruines: Honour,
How much we fight with weaknesse to preserve thee.

Enter Bassanes and Granis.

Bass. Fye on thee, damb thee, rotten magot, damb thee,
Sleepe? sleepe at Court? and now? Aches, convulsions,
Impostumes, rhemes, gouts, palsies clog thy bones
A dozen yeeres more yet. *Gran.* Now y'are in humors.

Bass. Shee's by her selfe, there's hope of that; shee's sad too,
Shee's in strong contemplation: yes, and fixt,
The signes are whole some. *Gran.* Very whole some truly.

Bass. Hold your chops night mare. — Lady, come your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my Lord? *Bass.* A sudden fit, 'twill off;

Song

The Broken HEART.

Some surfeit or disorder. — How doest decreest?

Pen. Your newes is none o'ch best.

Enter Prophetus.

Proph. The chiefe of men,
The excellentest *Isaacks*, desires
Your presence Madam. *Bass.* We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vaine we labour in this course of life
To piece our iourney out at length, or craue
Respite of breath, our home is in the graue.

Bass. Perfect Philosophy: then let vs care
To liue so that our reckonings may fall euen
When w' are to make account. *Proph.* He cannot feare
Who builds on noble grounds: sicknesse or paine
Is the deseruers exercise, and such
Your vertuous brother to the world is knowne.
Speake comfort to him Lady, be all gentle;
Starres fall but in the grossenesse of our sight,
A good man dying, th' Earth doth lose a light.

Exeunt omnes.

Aetus Tertius: Scena prima.

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus in his owne shape.

Tecn. **B**E well aduis'd, let not a resolution
Of giddy rashnesse choake the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage Master. *Tecn.* I am ialous:
For if the borrowed shape so late put on,
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent designe of sudden nature
Hath shooke that shadow off, to flye vpon
A new-hatch'd execution: *Orgilus,*
Take heed thou hast not (vnder our integrity)
Shrowded vnlawfull plots: our mortall eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your hearts, the gods
Are onely pricke to them. *Org.* Learned *Tecnicus,*

The Broken Heart.

Such doubts are causelesse, and to cleere the truth:
From misconceit, the present State commands me.
The Prince of *Argos* comes himselfe in person
In quest of great *Calantha* for his Bride,
Our kingdomes heire; besides, mine onely sister
Euphrasia is dispos'd to *Prophilus*.
Lastly, the King is sending letters for me
To *Athens*, for my quicke repaire to Court.
Please to accept these Reasons. *Tern.* Iust ones, *Orgilus*,
Not to be contradicted: yet beware
Of an vnshure foundation; no faire colours
Can fortifie a building faintly ioyned.
I haue obseru'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and (looke too't)
I might adde certaine — *Org.* My aspect? could Art
Runne through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sit.
An inclination there, more then what suited
With iustice of mine honour. *Tern.* I beleue it.
But know then *Orgilus* what honour is:
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content;
Braue in appearance, 'cause we thinke it braue:
Such honour comes by accident, not nature
Proceeding from the vices of our passion
Which makes our reason drunke. But reall Honour
Is the reward of vertue, and acquir'd
By Iustice or by valour, which for Bases
Hath Iustice to vphold it. He then failes
In honour, who for lucre of Reuenge
Commits thefts, murders, Treasons and Adulteries;
With such like, by intrenching on iust Lawes,
Whose sou'raignty is best preferu'd by Iustice.
Thus as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion: For opinion
Relyes on probability and Accident,
But knowledge on Necessary and Truth:
I leave thee to the fit consideration.

The Broken HEART.

Of what becomes the grace of reall Honour,
Wishing successe to all thy vertuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom (reuerend Oracle)
And in thy precepts make me euer chrisly.

Exit Org.

Tecu. I thanke thy wish. — Much mystery of Fate
Lyes hid in that mans fortunes, Curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts;
✓ But let the gods be moderators still,
No humane power can prevent their will.

Enter Armoſtes.

From whence come 'cc? *Armo.* From King *Amclaus*; (pardon
My interruption of your Studies) — Here
In this seal'd box he sends a treasure deare
To him as his Crowne, 'a prays your grauity
You would examine, ponder, sift and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains. *Tecu.* What is't *Armoſtes*?

Armo. It is the health of Sparta, the Kings life,
Sinewes and safety of the Common-wealth,
The summe of what the Oracle deliuer'd,
When last he visited the propheticke Temple
At *Delphos*; what his reasons are for which
After so long a silence he requires
You counsaile now (grauē man) his maiesty
Will soone himsele acquaint you with. *Tecu.* *Apollo*
Inspire my Intellect. — The Prince of *Argos*
Is entertain'd. *Armo.* He is, and has demanded
Our Princeſſe for his wife; which I conceive
One speciall cause the King importunes you
For resolution of the Oracle.

Tecu. My duty to the King, good peace to Sparta,
And faire day to *Armoſtes*. *Armo.* Like to *Tecnicus*.

Exeunt.

Soe

The Broken HEART.

Soft Musicke.

A Song.

Can you paint a thought? or number
 Euery fancy in a slumber?
 Can you count soft minutes rousing
 From a dyals point by mouing?
 Can you graspe a sigh? or lastly,
 Rob a Virgins honour chasty?

No, o no; yet you may
 Sooner doe both that and this,
 This and that, and neuer misse,
 Then by any praise display
 Beauties beauty, such a glory
 As beyond all Fate, all Story;
 All armes, all arts,
 All loues, all hearts,
 Greater then those, or they,
 Doe, shall, and must obey.

During which time, Enters Propitius, Bassanes, Penibea, Gransis, passing ouer the Stage; Bassanes and Gransis enter againe softly, stealing to severall bands, and listen.

Bass. All silent, calme, secure. — *Gransis*, no creaking?
 No noyse; dost heare nothing? *Grans.* Not a mouse,
 Or whisper of the winde. *Bass.* The floore is matted,
 The bed-posts sure are Steele or marble. — Souldiers
 Should not affect (me thinkes) straines so effeminate;
 Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
 Vpon the flesh of Luxury: they heighten
 Cinders of conuert lust vp to a flame.

Grans. What doe you meane (my Lord) speak low; that gabling
 Of yours will but vndoe vs. *Bass.* Chamber-combats
 Are felt, not hard. *Pro.* A wakes. *Bass.* What's that? *Lib.* Who's there
 Sister? all quit the roome else. *Bass.* 'Tis consented.

Enter

The Broken HEART.

Enter Propbilus.

Propb. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be primate,
We must forbear; his sleepe hath newly left him.

Please 'ee withdraw? *Bass.* By any meanes, 'tis fit.

Propb. Pray Gentlewoman walke too. *Gran.* Yes, I will Sir.

Exeunt omnes.

Ithocles discovered in a Chayre, and Penibea.

Itho. Sit nearer sister to me, nearer yet;
We had one Father, in one wombe tooke life,
Were brought vp twins together, yet hane liu'd
At distance like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradell'd,
Had prou'd to me a graine. *Pen.* You had beene happy:
Then had you neuer knowne that sinne of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being. *Itho.* Sad *Penibea*,
Thou canst not be too cruell; my rash spleene
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosome
A louer-blest heart, to grind it into dust,
For which mine's now a breaking. *Pen.* Not yet, heauen
I doe beseech thee: first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it; may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible.

Itho. Wrong'd soule, thy prayers are heard. *Pen.* Here lo I breathe
A miserable creature led to ruine
By an vnnaturall brother. *Itho.* I consume
In languishing affections for that trespassie,
Yet cannot dye. *Pen.* The handmaid to the wages,
The vntroubled of Countrey toyle, drinke streames
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambes;
And so allayes her thirst secure, whiles I
Quench my hot sighes with fleetings of my teares.

Itho. The labourer doth eat his courtest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lyes him downe to sleepe;
Which every bit I touch turnes in digestion
To gall, as bitter as *Penibea's* curse.

Put:

The Broken HEART.

Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee mercifull. *Pen.* Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a ieaious husband,
Then we will ioyne in friendship, be againe
Brother and sister. — Kill me pray: nay, will 'ee?

Isbe. How does thy Lord esteeme thee? *Pen.* Such an one
As onely you haue made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore, forgine me; I am one
In art, not in desires, the gods must witnesse.

Isbe. Thou dost belye thy friend. *Pen.* I doe not *Isbeles*;
For she that's wife to *Orgilus*, and liues
In knowne Adultery with *Bassanes*,
Is at the best a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadfull figure, and appeare to charge
Thy bloody gilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachfull match.

Isbe. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despaire; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: thou shalt stand
A Deity (my sister) and be worship'd,
For thy resolu'd martyrdom: wrong'd maids,
And married wines shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure Turtles crown'd with mirtle, if thy pittie
Vnto a yeelding brothers pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it. *Pen.* O no more.

Isbe. Death waits to waite me to the Stygian bankes,
And free me from this Chaos of my bondage,
And till thou wilt forgine, I must indure.

Pen. Who is the Saint you seru? *Isbe.* Friendship, or
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Haue mou'd that question as a secret, Sister:
I dare not murmur to my selfe. *Pen.* Let me,
By your new protestations I coniure 'ee,
Partake her name. *Isbe.* Her name, — 'tis, — 'tis, I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forg'd. *Isbe.* They are not. — Peace
Calantha

The Broken HEART.

Calantha is the Princess, the Kings daughter,
Sole heire of *Sparta* ——— Me most miserable,
Doe I now loue thee? for my iniuries
Reuenge thy selfe with braverie, and gossip
My treasons to the Kings eares. Doe; *Calan*^t.
Knowes it not yet, nor *Prophilus* my nearest.

Pent. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split euen your very soule to see her father
Snatch her out of your armes against her will,
And force her on the Prince of *Argos*? *Isbo*. Trouble not
The fountaines of mine eyes with thine owne story,
I sweat in blood for't. *Pen*. We are reconcil'd:
Alas, Sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stocke, 'tis not fit we should diuide:
Haue comfort, you may find it. *Isbo*. Yes in thee?
Onely in thee *Penthea* mine. *Pen*. If sorrowes
Haue not too much dul'd my infected braine,
I'll cheere inuention for an active straine.

Isbo. Mad man! why haue I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

*Enter Bassanes with a poyard, Prophilus, Gromas,
Hamophil and Grans.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer: more, I will not;
Keepe off your hands, or fall vpon my point:
Patience is tyr'd, for like a slow-pac'd Asse
Ye ride my easie nature, and proclaime
My sloth to vengeance; a reproach and property.

Isbo. The meaning of this rudenesse. *Proph*. Hee's distracted.

Pen. O my gric'd Lord, *Grans*. Sweet Lady come not neere him;
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To pricke 'a cares not whom, nor where, ——— see, see, see.

Bass. My birth is noble, though the popular blast
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name vp to bestride a cloud,
Or progresse in the Chariot of the Sunne;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor like your slane of expectation wait
The handy hinges of your doors, or whistle

The Broken HEART.

For myfticall conueyance to your bed-fports.

Gron. Fine humor, they become him. *Hem.* How 'a stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats : moft admirable lunacy.

Isho. But that I may conceine the fpirit of what
Has tooke poffeffion of your soberer cuftome,
I'de fay you were vnmanly. *Pen.* Deare brother.

Baff. Vnmannerly — Mew Kitling — Imooth formality
Is vther to the rankneffe of the blood,
But Impudence beares vp the traine : Indeed, fir,
Your fiery mettall, or your Springall blaze
Of huge renowne, is no fufficient Royalty
To print vpon my forehead the fcorne *Cuckold.*

Isho. His Lealoufie has rob'd him of his wits,
'A talkes 'a knowes not what. *Baff.* Yes, and 'a knowes
To whom 'a talkes ; to one that franks his tuft
In Swine-security of beftiall inceft.

Isho. Hah deuill. *Baff.* I will hallo't, though I blafh more
To name the filchineffe, than thou to act it.

Isho. Monster ! *Proph.* Sir by our friendship. *Pen.* By our bloods,
Will you quite both vndoe vs, Brother ? *Oyaf.* Out on him,
Thefe are his megrims, firks and melancholies.

Hem. Well faid, old Touch-hole. *Gron.* Kick him out at doores.

Pen. With fauour let me fpeake. — My Lord ? what slackneffe
In my obedience hath deferr'd this rage ?

Except humility and finlent duty
Hape drawne on your vnguiet, my fimplycity

Ne're ftudied your vexation. *Baff.* Light of beauty,

Deale not vngently with a desperate wound :

No breach of reafon dares make warre with her

Whofe lookes are foueraignty, whofe breath is balme :

O that I could prefent thee in fuffocation

As in deuotion ! *Pen.* Sir, may euerie tuill

Lock'd in *Pandora's* box, fhew it (in your prefence)

On my vnhappy head, if fince you made me

A partner in your bed, I haue bene faulty

In one vnfeemely thought againft your honour.

Isho. Purge not his guilt. *Baff.* Yes, my on,

Excellent

The Broken HEART.

Excellent creature— Good be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of vertue. — O my senses
Are charm'd with sounds celestiall. — On, deare, on;
I neuer gave you one ill word, say, did I?
Indeed I did not. *Pen.* Nor, by *Inno's* forehead,
Was I e're guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddesse, let me kneele. *Grav.* Alas kind Animall.

Isbo. No, but for penance. *Bass.* Noble sir, what is it?
With gladnesse I embrace it; yet pray let not
My rashnesse teach you to be too vnmercifull.

Isbo. When you shall shew good proofs that manly wisdom,
Not ouer-sway'd by passion, or opinion,
Knowes how to lead iudgement; then this Lady
Your wife, my sister, shall returne in safety
Home to be guided by you, but till first
I can, out of cleare euidence approve it,
Shee shall be my care. *Bass.* Rip my bosome vp,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy:
This torture is vn-sufferable. *Isbo.* Well Sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury. *Bass.* But
Penthea sayes not so. *Pen.* She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who neuer purpos'd wrong.

Hemo. Virgin of reuerence and antiquity
Stay you behind. *Grav.* The Court wants not your diligence.

Exeunt omnes, sed Bass. & Grav.

Grav. What will you doe my Lord? my Lady's gone,
I am deny'd to follow. *Bass.* I may see her,
Or speake to her once more. *Grav.* And seele her too, man,
Be of good cheare, she's your owne flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike:
She swore she has bene true. *Grav.* True on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her vowes;
Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumor will voyce me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus. Some way I must try
To out-doe Art, and cry a Icalousie.

Exeunt omnes.

Flourish.

The Broken HEART.

Flourish.

*Enter Amyclas, Nearchus leading Calantha, Ar-
moſtes, Crotolin, Euphranea, Chriſtalla, Philoma,
and Amelus.*

Amy. Cozen of *Argos*, what the heavens have pleas'd
In their vntchanging Counſels to conclude
For both our kingdomes weale, we muſt ſubmit to:
Nor can we be vntthankfull to their bounties,
Who when we were euen creeping to our granes,
Sent vs a daughter; in whoſe birth, our hope
Continues of ſucceſſion: As you are
In title next, being grandchilde to our Aunt,
So we in heart deſire you may fit neareſt
Calantha's loue; ſince we haue euer vow'd
Not to inforce affection by our will,
But by her owne choyce to confirme it gladly.

Near. You ſpeake the nature of a right iuſt father:
I come not hither roughly to demand
My Cozens thraldome, but to free mine owne:
Report of great *Calantha's* beauty, vertue,
Sweetneſſe, and ſingular perfections, courted
All eares to credit what I finde was publiſh'd
By conſtant truth; from which if any ſerulce
Of my deſert can purchaſe faire conſtruction,
This Lady muſt command it. *Calan.* Princely Sir,
So well you know how to proteſſe obſeruance;
That you inſtruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll ſtudy to be chiefe. *Near.* Chiefe, glorious *Virgine*,
In my deuotions, as in all mens wonder.

Amy. Excellent Cozen, we deny nolibertie;
Vſe thine owne opportunities. — *Armoſtes.*
We muſt conſult with the Philoſophers,
The buſineſſe is of weight. *Armoſtes.* Sir, at your pleaſure.

Amy. You told me, *Crotolin*, your ſonne's return'd
From *Athens*; wherefore comes he not to Court

The Broken Heart

As we commanded? *Crot.* He shall soone attend
Your royall will, great Sir. *Amy.* The marriage
Betweene young *Prophilus* and *Euphrasia*,
Tafts of too much delay: *Crot.* My Lord. *Amy.* Some pleasures
At celebration of it would giue life
To th' entertainment of the Prince our kinsman
Our Court weares grauity more then we relish.

Armo. Yet the heauens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a Cloud. *Crot.* So may the gods protect vs.

Calan. A Prince, a subject? *Near.* Yes, to beauties forger
As all hearts kneele so mine. *Calan.* You are too Courtly.

To them,

Isboles, Orgilus, Propilus

Isho. Your safe returne to *Sparta* is most welcome,
I ioy to meet you here, and as occasion
Shall grant vs priuacy, will yeeld you reasons
Why I should couet to deserre the title
Of your respected friend: for without Complement
Beleeue it, *Orgilus*, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your Lordship may command me your poore seruant.

Isho. So amorously close close? — so soone? — my heart

Propil. What sudden change is next? *Isho.* Life to thy King,
To whom I here present this Noble gentleman,
New come from *Athens*; Royall Sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in fauour of his merit.

Crot. My sonne prefer'd by *Isboles*? *Amy.* Our beauties
Shall open to thee *Orgilus*; for instance,
Harke in thine eare; if out of those inuentions
Which flow in *Athens*, thou hast there ingross'd
Some rarity of wit to grace the Nuptials
Of thy faire sister, and renoune our Court
In th' eyes of this young Prince, we shall be debtors
To thy conceit, thinke on't. *Org.* Your Highnesse honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins. *Calan.* A noble birth
Becomming such a father. — worthy *Orgilus*,
You are a guest most with'd for. *Org.* May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred Princess.

The Brother HEART.

Itho. Ephraim's brother, sir, a Gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge. *Near.* We embrace him,
Proud of so deare acquaintance. *Amy.* All prepare
For ~~Stanch~~ and dispose the ioyes of *Hyden*,
Like *Phaebus* in his lustre, puts to flight
All mists of dainesse; crowne the houres with gladnesse;
No sounds but musicke, no discourse but mirth.

Calan. Thine arme I prethe *Ithocles*. — *Nay*, good
My Lord keepe on your way, I am prouided.

Near. I dare not disobey. *Itho.* Most heauenly Lady! *Exunt*

Enter Crostan, Orgilus

Cros. The King hath spoke his mind. *Org.* His will he hath;
But were it lawfull to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such vnder-shrubs as subiects, sometimes might
Borrow of Nature, Iustice, to informe
That licence soueraignty holds without checke
Ouer a meeke obedience. *Cros.* How resolute you
Touching your sisters marriage? *Prophylus*
Is a deserring, and a hopefull youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it:
Could with him thrive in all his best desires,
And with a willingesse inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship;
He neuer touch'd on any wrong that malic'd
The honour of our house, nor stir'd our peace;
Yet, with your fauour, let me not forget;
Vnder whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must line so.

Cros. Sonne, sonne, I find in thee a harsh condition,
No curtesie can winne it; 'tis too saucy.

Org. Good Sir, be not soe severe in your construction;
I am no stranger to such easie calmes
As sit vnder *Ascalmes*; Lordly *Ithocles*
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that heighe
Of arrogance and spleene which wrought the rape

On

The Broken HEART.

On grien'd *Penthea's* purity; his scorn
Of my vatoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Vnto a Courtship, almost to a fawning:
I'll kisse his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will haue it for a Friend I will haue it for
Without our ruine by your politique plots,
Or Wolfe of hatred snarling in your throats
You haue a spirit, Sir, haue ye a familiar
That poasts i'th ayre for your intelligence?
Some such *Hobgoblin* hurried you from *Athens*,
For yet you come vnient for. *Org.* I haue welcome,
I might haue found a grane there. *Crot.* For your businesse
Was soone dispatch'd, of your mind also d' quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, Sir, of my health, cut short my journey;
For there, a generall infection
Threatens a desolation. *Crot.* And I feare
Thou hast brought backe a worse infection with thee
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou sayst,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it our deare Genius, I will rather
Be made a Sacrifice on *Thrasus* monument,
Or kneele to *Ishocles* his sonne in dust,
Then woe a fathers curse; My sisters marriage
With *Prophilus*, is from my heart confirm'd
May I liue hated, may I dye despis'd,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concerne me. *Crot.* That's been too rough
My duty to my King made me so earnest,
Excuse it *Orgilus*. *Org.* Deare Sir

*Enter to them
Prophilus, Euphranes, Iphocles, Cleon, Hemphill*

Crot. Here comes
Euphranes, with *Prophilus* and *Ishocles*,
Org. Most honored — — — — —
On earth not any truer — — — — —
Take on this worthy couple your consent
Can onely make them one. *Org.* They haue it. — — — Sister,

Thou

The Broken HEART.

Thou pawn'dst to me an oath, of which ingagemont
I neuer will releafe thee, if thou syn'st
At any other choyce then this. *Emphr.* Deare brother,
At him or none. *Cros.* To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which till a greater ceremony perfect,
Emphraea lend thy hand; here take her *Prophila*,
Liue long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a Bridall song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, Loues increasing,

Like soft beavies neuer ceasing;

Plenties pleasure, peace complying

With sweet ioyes, as long as liuing;

Hearts by holy Vnion welded

More then theirs by custom bedded;

Fruitfull issues; life so graced,

Not by age to be defaced;

Budaing, as the year doth is,

Euery spring another youth;

All what thought can adde beside,

Croune this Bridegroome and this Bride.

Propb. You haue seal'd ioy close to my soule: *Emphraea*,

Now I may call thee mine. *Jibo.* I but exchange

One good friend for another. *Org.* If these Gallants

Will please to grace a poore mention,

By ioyning with me in some flight deuise,

I'll venture on a straine, my younger dayes

Haue studied for delight. *Propb.* With thankfull willingnesse

I offer my attendance. *Cros.* No enuie

Of mine shall faile to shew itselfe. *Jibo.* We will

All ioyne to wait on thy directions. *Org.*

Org. O my good Lord, your fauours flow towards

A too ynworthy worme; but as you please,

I am what you will shap me. *Jibo.* A fast friend.

Cros. I thanke thee sonne for this acknowledgement;

It is a sight of gladnesse. *Org.* But my duty,

Exeunt

Enter

The Broken Heart

Enter Calantha, Pencha, Glorinda, Phil.

Calan. Who e're would speak with me, my business is
Be carefull of our charge.

Calan. Except the King himselfe, I am not to be
Not any. Phil. Madam is that heere care, or draw it in.

Calantha, Pencha.

Calan. Being alone, Pencha, you have granted
The oportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded. Pen. This is a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death.
My glasse of life (sweet Prince) hath few minutes
Remaining to runne downe; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feele
The summons of departure short and certaine.

Calan. You feed too much your melancholly. Pen. Glorinda
Of humane greatness are but pleasing dreames,
And shadowes soone decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawing out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But Tragically in issue; Beauty, power,
With euery sensuality our giddinesse
Doth frame an Idoll, are vnconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the vnguarded Castle of the mind.

Calan. Contemne not your condition, for the proofe
Of bare opinion only; to what end
Reach all these Morall texts? Pen. To place before
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingring life,
Who count the best a misery. Calan. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet so much griefe
As to distrust a remedy. Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding sheet, a fold of lead,
And some vntrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detaine your expectation, Prince,
I haue an humble suit. Calan. Speak, I enioyne.

The Broken Heart

Vouchsafe then to be my *Calan*,
 And take that trouble which I shall
 Such Legacies, as I bequeath thee partially,
 I have not much to give thee in this case;
 Heaven will reward your play, and thank it
 When I am dead; for sure I must not live,
 I hope I cannot. *Calan*, Now be true thy sadness;
 Then turn't it me too much weeping. *Pen*, Her late eyes
 Melt into passion; then I have strange
 Encouraging my beloved. *Calan*, In this paper
 My Will was Chartered; which you, with pardon,
 Shall now know from mine own mouth. *Calan*, Talk on, prethe;
 It is a pretty earnest. *Pen*, I have left me
 But three poore Jewels to bequeath; The first is
 My youth; for though I am much old in griefes;
 In yeares I am a child. *Calan*, To whom that?
Pen, To Virgin-wives, such as be not wedlocke
 By freedome of desires, but conveniently
 The pledges of chaste beds; for yes of love
 Rather than ranging of their blood; and next
 To married maids, such as preserve the name
 Of honorable issue in their vertues;
 Before the flattery of delights by marriage
 May those be ever young. *Calan*, A second Jewell
 You meane to part with. *Pen*, My Faith, I trust
 By scandall yett is offered; this I bequeath
 To memory, and Times old daughter Truth;
 If ever my unhappy name shall mention
 When I am false to dust, may it deserve
 Becoming charity without dishonour.
Calan, How handsomely thou playst with hartlesse sport
 Of meeke imagination; speake the rest.
 I strangely like thy will. *Pen*, This Jewell; Maiden
 Is dearely precious to me; you must vie
 The best of your discretion to imploy
 This gift as I intend it. *Calan*, Doe not doubt me.
Pen, 'Tis long agoe since I lost my heart,

The Broken Heart

Long I have liu'd without it, else for certain
I should have found it out long since
Of it, to great Calan's grief
By service bound, and by Calan's love
I doe bequeath in publick words
Mine onely brother *Ishoel*. Calan. What sayd'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-bless'd Lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a deuoted suppliant in prayer
Looke on him, Princeesse, with an eye of pittie;
How like the ghost of *Abraham* appears
A' moues before you. Calan. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my care too gently to his prayer
Shall fall in Cynders, which doo yet burne
E're he will dare, poor man, to open his eyes
On these diuine looks, but with lowe thoughts
Accusing such presumption; and yet
A' dares not vttre any word of his
Yet this lost creature, how hee doth
In sweetnesse as in blood; his life
Or raise him vp to comfort; when hee
Appeares in my behauiour, what then shall
Tempt my displeasure? *Pen.* I will not
To renell *Abraham*, and his blood
To wish my brother some advantage
Yet by my best hopes, I shall not
Of this pursuit. But if you please
Lend him one angry look, or one
And you shall soone controule his
Your absolute authority shall
His life and end. Calan. *Pen.* I shall
Hate still I haue a father. *Pen.* I shall
I am a sister, though to me
Hath beene you know vnkinde; I shall vnkinde!

Calan. *Pen.* I shall
Your checke lyes in my face

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle

Deb. Madam, hee is now to goe, if you have not sent I long
Galea. I thinke 'ee sleepest as deep as wait on *Thou* I
 Into her lodging. — *Is hee not young?* *Deb.* O yes, to great
Pen. My reckonings are made up, Death or Fate
 Can now nor strike too soon, nor forestall it. *Exit*

Adams Quarters: 50004-25102

End of the Road

Lib. **F**ormerly too Inquisition; curiosity
Is of too fullill, and too searching name:

In fears of loss too quick, too slow of credit:

I am not what you desire me of my Nephews, brethren:

As I would wish; — all the night, no good becom.

Confirm your Resolutions for 1981

On worthy ends which they advance your spirit, and find aid in Y

1st. I did the Noble Org. which is a type of...

But gricahf Batv as mos: I now repent it

Now, Vnle, now; the Newjendw toolard: m a 2212577A

So provide for the future, I say, and do not let me regret

That after-wit, like Bankrupts debts, stand tallyed with Honour

Without all possibilities of payments and interest you will not

Sure he's an honest, very honest Gentleman; good God ym yd to Y

A man of single meaning: I am. I believe it is a... (faint text)

Yet Nephew, 'tis the thought of former enkindled rage

Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts; mind itself may be a

For they are led'd too inward - But I suspect you'd say Y

No truth in *Opinion* by The Editor (Sir)

116: The Princess had a... with her the Prince of...

Enter Newcomb, looking Gloomily, and singing

11. I have become you know

Non-Grant (none.org) person with no other instances

Of Livery, from the allowance of your Honour, amounteth to 100 Y

This little spark: **Cal A. Tappan**, 10th grade, **John F. Kennedy High School**, **Boys 5**.

The Broken Heart

For *Capid* is a child, — vouchsafe this bounty
 It cannot be sold. *Cal.* You shall not value
 (Sweet Cozen) at a price what I count cheape,
 So cheape, that let him take it who dares stoop for't,
 And give it at next meeting to a Mistress.
 Shee'll thanke him for't, perhaps. *Cal.* Cast it to Ishacole!

Amr. The Ring, Sir, is
 The Princesses, I could haue took it vp.

Ish. Learne manners, praye. — To the blessed owner
 Vpon my knees. *Near.* Yare lawcy. *Cal.* This is pretty,
 I am, belike, a Mistress. — wondrous pretty:
 Let the man keepe his fortune, since he found it;
 He's worthy on't. — On Cozen. *Ish.* Follow Spaniell,
 I'll force 'ee to a fawning else. *Amr.* You dare not.

Arm. My Lord, you were too forward. *Ish.* Looke 'ee Vnicles:
 Some such there are whose liberall contents
 Swarme without care in euery sort of plenty;
 Who, after full repasts, can lay about about
 To sleepe; and they sleepe, Vnicles, in such silence
 Their very dreames present 'em choyses of pleasures:
 Pleasures (observe me Vnicle) of ratioclect:
 Here heaps of gold, there Increments of honors;
 Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
 Anon varieties of beauties, courting
 In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;
 Yet these are still but dreames: giue me felicity
 Of which my senses waking are partakers;
 A reall, visible, materiall happinesse:
 And then too, when I stagger in expectation
 Of the least comfort that can cherish life:
 I saw it (Sir) I saw it; for it came
 From her owne hand. *Arm.* The Princess shew it 'ee.

Ish. True, and she said — well I remember what
 Her Cozen Prince would beg it. *Arm.* Yes, and parted
 In anger at your taking out. *Ish.* Pouchon!
 Oh thou hast pleaded with a powerfull language!

The Broken Heart

I want a fee to gratifie thy myrrit. —
 But I will doe — *Arm.* What is't you say? *Ibb.* In anger
 In anger let him part; for could his breath,
 Like whirlwinds, rouse such fertile flanes as lieke
 The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour
 It durst not stirre a haire of mine; It should not,
 I'de rend it vp by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
 More sacred than a petty Prince of *Argos*
 Can wish to equall, or in worth or Titles.

Arm. Containe your selfe, my Lord, *Ixiomayming*
 To embrace *Ixiom*, bosom'd but a cloud,
 And begat *Centaures*; 'tis an vscfull morall,
 Ambition hatch'd in clouds of meere opinion,
 Proves but in birth a piddigle. *Ibb.* I thanke 'ee;
 Yet, with your Licence, I should seeme vcharitable
 To gentler Fate, if rellishing the dainties
 Of a soules settled peace, I were so feeble
 Not to digest it. *Arm.* Heeke forces to all trust
 Who is not priuy Counsellor to himselfe.

Enter Nearchus, Orgilus and Amel.

Near. Braue me? *Org.* Your Excellence mistakes his temper;
 For *Ithocles* in fashion of his mind
 Is beautifull, soft, gentle, the cleare mirror
 Of absolute perfection. *Amel.* Was't your modesty
 Term'd any of the Prince's fortunes Spaniell?
 Your Nurse sure taught you other language. *Ibb.* Language?

Near. A gallant Man at armes is here; a Doctor
 In feats of Chivalry; blunt, and rough spoken,
 Vouchsafing not the fustian of smiling,
 Which rash spirits stile good manners. *Ibb.* Manners?

Org. No more (Illustrious Sir) tis matchlesse *Amel.*

Near. You might haue vnderstood who I am. *Ibb.* Yes,
 I did — else — but the presence calmd th' affront;
 Y' are Cozen to the Prince's selfe. *Near.* To the King too;
 A certaine Instrument that lent importance
 To your Colloquies greatness — to durking too.

The Broken Heart

You might have added. *Ish.* There is more divinity
In beauty than in Majesty. *Arm.* O heretic.

Near. This odde youths pride tinges hereticke in loyalty.
Sirrah! low Mushrooms neerer rinall Cedars.

Enter Nearchus & Amelius.

Ish. Come backe: what pittifull dull thing am I
So to be tamely scoulded at? Come backe?
Let him come backe and eccho once againe
That scornfull sound of Mushrome: painted colts,
Like Heraldscots, guilt o're with Crownes and Scepters,
May bait a musled Lion. *Arm.* Cozen, Cozen,
Thy tongue is not thy friend. *Org.* In point of honour
Discretion knowes no bounds. *Amelius* told me
'Twas all about a little Ring. *Ish.* A Ring
The Princess threw away, and I took up
Admit she threw it to me, what arme of brass
Can snatch it hence? No, could a grind the hoopes
To powder, a' might sooner reach my heart.
Then steale and weare one upon't. — *Orgilus*,
I am extremely wrong'd. *Org.* A Ladies sinne
Is not to be so slighted. *Ish.* Slighted. *Arm.* Quiet
These vaine vniuersally passions, which will tender ye
Into a madnesse. *Org.* Griefes will haue their vent.

Enter Tarsius.

Arm. Welcome, thou com'st in season (reuerend man)
To powre the balsome of a supplying patience
Into the festering wound of ill spent fury.
Org. What makes He here? *Tars.* The hurts are yet but more ill,
Which shortly will prove deadly: To the King,
Amelius, see in safety thou dost live.
This seai'd vp counsaile bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the gods. *Orgilus* & *Spartan*,
O *Lacedemon* I double nam'd, but one
In fate: when Kingdomes reele (marke well my Saw)
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the King
That henceforth he no more must enquire after
My aged head: *Amelius* will be for

The Broken Heart.

I am for Delphos. *Arm.* Not without some conference
With our great master. *Tec.* Never more to see him.
A greater Prince commands me. — *Exit Tec.*

*When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The luselesse Trunke shall wed the Broken Heart.*

Lib. What's this, if vnderstood? *Tec.* Lill Orgilus,
Remember what I told thee long before,
These teares shall be my witnesse. *Arm.* 'Las good man!

Tec. Let craft with curtesie a while conferre,
Reuenge proues its owne Executioner.

Org. Darke sentences are for *Apollo's* Priests:
I am not *Oedipus*. *Tec.* My howre is come;
Cheare vp the King i' farewell to all. — *O Sports,*

O Lacedemon. *Arm.* If propheticke fire
Haue warm'd this old mans bosome, we might confute
His words to fatall iense. *Lib.* Leane to the powers

Above vs, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lyes within me. Seruile feares
Preuent no great effects. — *Divine Calamba*

Arm. The gods be still propitious. — *Exit Calamba*

Org. Something oddly
The booke-maniprated; yet a' talk'd it weeping.

*Let craft with curtesie a while conferre,
Reuenge proues its owne executioner.*

Conne it againe; for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered braine. — *Parthen*

Forbad me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill: why see her then I may;
When if I faint to speake, I am silent.

Enter Bassanes, Granis, and Phalaris.

Bass. Pray v'se your Reuerences, all the seruings
I will expect, is quietnesse amongst you;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times;
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I with my distractions haue offended.

Gran. Faire blessings on thy heart. *Phal.* Here's a rare
My Lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;

The Broken Heart

The Cuckold, in conceit, hath cut his thornes,

Bass. Betake 'ee to your leuall occasions,
And wherein I haue heretofore bene faulty,
Let your constructions mildly passe it ouer,
Henceforth I'll study reformation, — more;
I haue not for employment. *Enter Org.* O sweet man!
Thou art the very hony-combe of honesty.

Paul. The garland of good will; — Old Lady, hold vp
Thy reuerend knoe, and was behind me softly,
As it becomes a Moile of ancient carriage. *Enter Bass.*

Bass. Beasts onely capable of sense, enioy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness;
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, sticke not
Against the portion Nature hath bestow'd;
But men endow'd with reason, and the vse
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaffe
Of abiect scarcity, the Quincefence,
Soule, and Elixar of the Earths abundance,
The treasures of the Sea, the Ayre, say heauen
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I; I, who was made a Monarch
Of what a heart could wish, for a chaste wife,
Endeuour'd what in me lay, to pull downe
That Temple built foundation only,
And lettel't in the dust of causelesse scandall;
But to redeeme a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall powre before the drities;
I haue ingest a largesse of more patience
Then their displeased Altars can require;
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calmes of my composition.

Enter Org.

Org. I haue found thee,
Thou patron of night horrors then the bulle
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of Iron,
Can cramb within thy breast: *Enter Bass.*

The Broken Heart

Curst by thy Jealousies; more, by thy danger
Is left a prey to woe is. *Bass.* *Examine*
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolu'd. *Org.* Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry Minister of Fate hath
Depos'd the Emperesse of her soule, her reason;
From its most proper Throne, but what's the miracle
More new, I, I have secur'd it, and yet live.

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgement;
Thy anchor'd into a firme resolution,
Dalliance of Mirth or Wit can ne' reynfixe it.
Practise yet further. *Org.* May thy death of love to her
Damne all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every ioy of life: Thou barren rocky
By thee we haue bee spig in ken of harbour.

Enter Isbocles, Penhaacher bare about his eyes,

Philema, Christalla.

Isb. Sister looke vp, your *Isbocles*, your brother
Speakes t'ce: why doe you weep? Deere, tunc not from me
Here is a killing fight: lo, *Bass.*
A lamentable object. *Org.* Man, dost see?
Sports are more game some, and I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh? *Bass.* Divine, and best of Ladies,
Please to forget my one request: mercy ever
Cannot but lodge vnder a rock, so entell'd
I haue cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appear'd, Impostore, and then ingled
To cheat my sleeps of rest. *Org.* Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure if we were all Sirens, we should sing piteously;
'And 'twere a comely musick, when in parts
One sung anothers knell: the Turtle sighes
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
A' must be dead first: 'tis a fine deder
To passe away in a dreame: indeed I've slept
With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a haire
Sticks on my head but like a leaden Pharus

The Broken Heart.

It sinkes me to the ground: I must escape thither.
 The iourney is not long. *It.* But thou, *Penelope*,
 Hast many yeeres, I hope, to number yet
 Ere thou canst trauell that way. *Bas.* Let the Swan first
 Be wrap'd vp in an ouerlasting darknesse,
 Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
 For the whole worlds delight, seele an Eclipse
 So vniuersall. *Org.* Wisdome (looke 'ee)
 Begins to raue: ——— art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might haue beene
 Mother to many pretty prattling Babes:
 They would haue smil'd when I smil'd; and, for certaine,
 I should haue cry'd when they cry'd; — truly brother,
 My father would haue pick'd me out a husband,
 And then my little ones had beene no bastards;
 But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
 I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bas. Fall on me, if there be a burning *Emo*,
 And bury me in flames; sweat hot as sulphure;
 Boyle through my pores: affliction hark in store
 No torture like to this. *Org.* Behold a patience
 Lay by thy whyning gray dissimulation,
 Doe something worth a Chronicle; shew Iustice
 Vpon the Author of this mischiefe; dig out
 The Iealousies that hatch'd this thraldome first
 With thine owne ponyard: eueny anticke rapture
 Can reare as thine does. *Ich.* *Orgellus* forbear.

Bas. Disturbe him not, it is a talking motion
 Provided for my torment: what a foole am I
 To bawdy passion? ere I le speake a word
 I will looke on and burit. *Pen.* I lea'd you once.

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature, in despite of malice;
 For it I loue thee euen. *Pen.* Spare your hand,
 Beleeue me, I le not hurt it. *Org.* Daine my heart to
 Complaine not though I wring it hard: I le kisse it;
 O 'tis a fine soft palme: hark in thine eare,
 Like whom dost thoue, panted? say, no whispering.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle

Goodness! we had bene happy: too much happiness
Will make folke proud they say: — but that is he;
And yet he paid for't home, alas, his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the Princess;
We shall have points and bridelaces. Remember
When we last gather'd Roses in the garden
I found my wits, but truly you lost yours:
That's He, and still 'tis He. *1st.* Poore soule, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue. *Bass.* Keepe in veneration,
And breake not into clamour. *Org.* She has tutor'd me:
Some powerfull inspiration checks my laziness:
Now let me kisse your hand, grien'd beauty. *Pen.* Kisse it.
Alacke, alacke, his lips be wondrous cold;
Deare soule, h'as lost his colour: haue'ee scene
A straying heart? all crannies, euery drop
Of blood is turn'd to an Amethyst,
Which married Bachelours hang in their eares.

Org. Peace vher herinto Edicins:

If this be madness, madness is an Oracle.

Exit Org.

*1st. Chrissalla Poloma, when shept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild. Gave Sir, not these ten dayes.*

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides, We cannot any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh — misery of miseries ! **Pen.** Take comfort, You may live well, and dye a good old man :

By yea and nay, an oath neerer be broken,

If you had join'd our hands once in the Temple,

I was since my father dy'd, for had he liv'd

He would have don't: I ~~must~~ have call'd you father:

Oh my wrack'd honour ruin'd by these Tyrants,

A cruel brother, and a desperate doing

There is no peace left for a ranch'd wife

Widdow'd by lawless marriage, to all memory,

Pentecost's, people Pentecost's name is strumpered.

But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit

Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,

Her blood ('tis just) he hangs forth never heightened

●

The Broken Heart

With taste of sustenance. *Enter* *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Whose plurific hath *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Forgive me: O I faint. *Enter* *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Sweet Niece, to worke thine *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Will call her daughters *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Refuse the onely ordinary *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Which are ordain'd for life: be not my sister,
 A murthresse to thy selfe. *Enter* *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*

Isa. Fo, I am busie; for I have *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 Eaow to thinke all shall be well anon,
 'Tis tumbling in my head: here is a mastery
 In Art to fatten and keepe smooth the outside;
 Yes, and to comfort up the vitall spirits
 Without the helpe of food, fumes or perfumes,
 Perfumes or fumes: let her alone, I beseech you
 The tricke on't. *Per.* Lead me gently, because I am
 Griefes are sure friends; they let us know
 Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soule.

Isa. I grant t'ee; and will put in practice instantly
 What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderfull
 'Tis super singular, not to be match'd
 Yet when I we don't, I we don't; ye shall all haue a meane

Arm. The sight is full of terror. *Isa.* O my sister
 Lyes such an infinite clogge of *Isabella* *and* *Antonio*
 As that I haue not sense enough to feele it.
 See, Vncle, th' augury thing returns againe,
 Shall's welcome him with Thunder? we are haunted,
 And must vse exorcisme to conuere downe
 This spirit of maluolence. *Arm.* Mildly, Nephew;

Enter *Antonio* *and* *Isabella*
New. I come not, Sir, to chide your late disorders
 Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
 In Souldiers of your yeeres and fortunes, chiefly
 So lately prosperous, hath not yett shook off

The Broken Heart

The custome of the Court in houses of leisure;
 Nor shall you need extol your state to render
 Account to that faire Excellence, the Princess,
 Who in this private Gallery expects
 From your owne mouth alone I am a messenger
 But to her pleasure. *Lib. Excellent Marchus;*
 Be Prince still of my seruice, and conquer,
 Without the combat of dispute; I honour 'ce.

Near. The King is on a sudden indispos'd;
 Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, *Armes,*
 You should be nere him. *Arms Sir, I kiss your hands. Exit.*

Armes, Nearbus & Amelus

Near. *Amelus,* I perceiue Calamities become
 Is warm'd with other fires then such as can
 Take strength from any fuel of the love
 I might expect to hear young *Libulus;*
 Or euer I mistake, is Lord abundant
 Of her deuotions; one, to speake him truly,
 In enery disposition nobly fashioned;

Arms. But can your Highnesse brooke to be so riuall'd
 Considering th' inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, *Amelus;* for affections murr'd
 By tyrannic, or rigorous compulsion,
 Like Tempest-threatned Trees vnfirmly rooted,
 Ne're spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
 Life-spent *Penthes,* and unhappy *Orphius.*

Arms. How does your grace determine? *Near.* To be itall
 In publike, of what privacy I'll further;
 And though they shall not know, yet they shall finde it.

Enter *Hemiphil* and *Gronc* attending *Amelus,* and pla-
 cing him in a Chaire, followed by a *Armstrong,* *Croto-*
lon, and *Prophias.*

Amel. Our daughter is not nere? *Arms.* She is retired, Sir,
 Into her gallery. *Amel.* Where's the Prince our Cozen?
Proph. New walk'd into the Grove (my Lord.) *Amel.* All leave vs
 Except *Armes,* and you *Croton;*

We

The Broken Heart

We would be private. *Brother, Health upon your Majesty.*

Amy. What, *Tecum* is gone? *Arm.* He is gone, *Dearest.*

And to your Royall hands presents this box.

Amy. Unscale it, good *Armenia*, therein lies

The secrets of the Oracle; and with that

Apollo line our patron; read *Armenia*.

Arm. The plot in which the King takes part;

Begin to dry from head to foot.

The stocks soon withering, most of late

Doth cause to quail the budding grape;

But from the neighboring *Elme* a dew

Shall drop and feed the *Plot* again.

Amy. That is the Oracle, what exposition

Makes the Philosopher? *Arm.* This brief one, only

The plot is *Sparta*, the *King* the *King*;

The quailing grape his daughter, *Calantha*

Of most importance, *Armenia* is her name;

Is a mere Prince, the *Elme* a *Prince* of *Armenia*.

Amy. Enough; although the opening of this Riddle

Be but it selfe a Riddle, yet we can see

How neere our lab'ring age draws on the *Elme*

But must *Calantha* quail to the young grape

Untimely budded! I could murther her

Her tenderneſſe hath yet deſerv'd no rigor

So to be croſt by Fate. *Arm.* You miſſapprehend

With fauour let me ſpeake; what *Armenia*

Hath clouded in hid ſcale; I here conſider

Her marriage with ſome neighboring Prince, the *Elme*

Of which befriending *Elme* shall we strengthen

Your Subjects with a Souerignity of *Armenia*.

Crow. Besides, most gracious *Lord*, the *Oracle*

Is to be then digged, when the *Elme*

Expound their truth, and *Armenia* shall be

As *Armenia*; Truth is *Armenia*, and *Armenia*

I finde no ſcuple, rather cauſe of comfort

With

The Broken Heart

The custome of the Court in houses of pleasure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you are to render
Account to that faire Excellence, the Princess,
Who is in the private Gallery expect
From your owne mouth alone I am a messenger
But to her pleasure. *Lib. Excellent Nereus;*
Be Prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour 'ce.

Near. The King is on a sudden indispos'd;
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, *Armostes,*
You should be nere him. *Aras Sir, I kiss your hands. Exeunt.*

Near. *Amelus,* I perceiue Calambus, whose
Is warm'd with other fires then such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might expect to hear: young *Libertes,*
Or euer I mistake, is Lord & constant
Of her deuotions; one, to speake him truly,
In euerie disposition nobly fashioned,

Aras. But can your Highness brooke to be so rival'd,
Considering th' inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, *Amelus;* for affections stir'd
By tyrannie, or rigour of compulsion,
Like Tempest-threatned Trees vnfirmly rooted,
Ne're spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
Life-spent *Penbea,* and unhappy *Orphid.*

Aras. How does your grace determine? *Near.* To be calou'd
In publike, of what privately I fe further;
And though they shall not know, yet they shall finde it.

Enter Hecampit and Grone at leading Amelus, and pla-
cing him in a Chaire, followed by Armostes, Croso-
lon, and Prophidus.

Amel. Our daughter is not nere? *Aras.* She is retired, Sir,
Into her gallery. *Amel.* Where's the Prince our Cozen?
Proph. New walk'd into the Grone (my Lord.) *Amel.* All leave vs
Except *Armostes,* and you *Croston;*

The Broken Heart

We would be private. *Enter Heath*

Amy. What, *Teucer* is gone? *Enter Heath*

And to your Royall hands presents this box.

Amy. Unseal it, good *Arctus*, therein lies

The secrets of the Oracle; out with it.

Apollo line our patron: read *Arctus*.

Arm. The plot in which the King takes root;

Begin to dry from head to foot;

Two flocks of want winging, most of late

Doth cause to quail the budding grape

But from the neighboring flame a dew

Shall drop and feed the Plot anew.

Amy. That is the Oracle, what exposition

Makes the Philosopher? *Arm.* This brief one, only

The plot is Sparta, the designe the King

The quailing grape his daughter, in shewing

Of my importance, mine in concealing

Is a new Prince, she *Arctus* through counsel

Amy. Enough; although the opening of this Riddle

Be but it selfe a Riddle, yet were our

How neere our last ring age draws to close

But must *Calantha* quail to the young grape

Untimely budded? I could name for her

Her tenderneſſe hath yet seen a sorow

So to be crost by Fate. *Arm.* You wisely see

With fauour let me speake what *Arctus*

Hath clouded in hid ſeale: I here commend

Her marriage with some neighboring Prince, the day

Of which befriending time shall our

Your Subjects with a Soveraigne of

Crow. Besides, most gracious Lord, the plot of

Is to be then digested, when the charge

Expound their truth, not least the

As utter'd; Truth is the

I finde no scruple, rather cause of comfort

The Broken HEART.

To the full height I stand in. *Cal.* Now or never
May I propose a suit. *Amy.* Demand and have it.

Cal. Pray Sir giue me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, then he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteeme him
According to his merit. *Amy.* Still th'art my daughter,
Still grow'st vpon my heart; giue me thine hand;
Calaniba take thine owne; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firme and absolute: I would not
Haue parted with thee, *Isaacles*, to any
But to a mistresse who is all what I am.

Isb. A change (great King) most wisht for, cause the sum. —

Cal. Th'art mine. — Haue I now kept my word. *Isb.* Diuinely,

Org. Rich fortuness guard to fauour of a Princeesse,
Rocke thee (brave man) in euer crowned plenty;
Y'are minion of the time, be thankfull for it:
Ho, here's a swinge in Destiny. — Apparent,
The youth is vp on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

Amy. On to your recreations; now conuey me
Vnto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead
Were a distemper'd looke. *Org.* The gods preserue 'co.

Cal. Sweet be not from my sight. *Isb.* My whole felicity.

Exeunt carrying out of the King, Orgilus stays Isaacles

Org. Shall I be bold my Lord? *Isb.* Thou canst not, *Orgilus*;
Call me thine owne, for *Prophileus* must henceforth
Be all thy sisters; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Then when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good Lord, my most great Lord,
My gracious Princely Lord, I might add royall.

Isb. Royall, a Subject royall? *Org.* Why not, pray Sir?
The Soueraignty of Kingdomes in their nonage
Scoop'd to desert, not birth: there's as much merit
In cleareness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation: you haue conquer'd Lone
Euen in the loneliest; if I greatly erre not,
The *Spene* of *Yon* hath bequeath'd his quince

The Broken Heart.

Soft sad musicke.

A Song.

Oh no more, no more, too late
Sighes are spent; the burning Tapers
Of a life as chaste as Fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out: no heat, no light
Now remaines 'tis euer night.
Lone is dead, let lovers eyes,
Lock'd in endlesse dreames,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Lone dyes,
Now Lone dyes, implying
Lones Martyrs must be euer, euer dying.

Ish. Oh my misgiuing heart! *Org.* A horrid stillnesse
Succeeds this deathfull ayre, let's know the reason:
Tread softly, there is mystery in mourning.

Enter *Christalla* and *Philema*, bringing in *Pombea* in a chaire waight
two other seruants placing two chaires, one on the one side, and
the other with an Engine on the other; the maids sit downe on
her feet mourning, the seruants goe out, meet them *Ishocles* and
Orgilus.

Seru. 'Tis done, that on her right hand. *Org.* Good, begone.

Ish. Soft peace iarich this roome. *Org.* How fares the Lady?

Phil. Dead. *Chr.* Dead! *Phil.* Staid. *Chr.* Scar'd!

Ish. Mcmiserable! *Org.* Tell vs
How parted she from life? *Phil.* She call'd for musicke,
And begg'd some gentle voyce to tune a firewell
To life and griefes: *Christalla* touch'd the lute, and draw it out
I wept the funerals song. *Chr.* Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath tear'd up these hollow soundes,
O cruell *Ishocles*, and inu'd *Orgilus*!
So downe she drew her vaile, to dy'd. *Ish.* So dy'd;

Org. Vp; you are messengers of death, goe from vs
Here's woe enough to court without a punishment to beare it

The Broken HEART.

Away ; and hearken ye, till you see vs next.

No filable that she is dead. — Away, *Exeunt Phil. & Chris.*

Keepe a smooth brow. — My Lord. *Ish.* Mine onely sister,

Another is not left me. *Org.* Take that chayre,

I'll seat me here in this : betwene vs sits

The object of our sorrowes ; some few teares.

Wee'll part among vs ; I perhaps can mixe

One lamentable story to prepare 'em.

There, there, sit there, my Lord. *Ish.* Yes, as you please.

Ishocles sits downe, and is caught in the Engine.

What meanes this treachery ? *Org.* Caught, you are caught

Young master : 'tis thy throne of Coronation,

Thou foole of greatnesse : see, I take this vaille off ;

Suruey a beauty wither'd by the flames

Of an insulting *Phaeton* her brother.

Ish. Thou mean'st to kill me basely. *Org.* I foreknow

The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither

To sacrifice a Tyrant to a Turtle.

You dream't of kingdomes, did'st thou how to become

The delicacies of a youngling Princeesse,

How with this nod to grace that subtill Courtier,

How with that frowne to make this Noble tremble,

And so forth ; whiles *Penthea's* groanes, and tortures,

Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,

Ne're toucht vpon your thought ; as for my iniuries,

Alas they were beneath your royall pitty,

But yet they liu'd, thou proud man, to confound thee :

Behold thy fate, this Steele. *Ish.* Strike home ; a courage

As keene, as my reuenge shall giue it welcome :

But prethe faint not ; if the wound close vp,

Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.

Thou looke'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,

As loath to leaue the winnests of my glories ;

A stater resolution armes my confidence,

To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,

With equall cruell of unequal fortune,

By hazard of a ducell, twopenny straggling

The Broken Heart

Too mighty for a slave intending murder:
 On to the Execution, and inherit
 A conflict with thy horrors. *Org.* By *Apollo*;
 Thou talk'st a goodly language; for requital,
 I will report thee to thy mistress richly:
 And take this peace along; some few short minutes
 Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
 Thy wrathfull ghost; then if we tug for mastery,
Pentheus sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
 Give me thy hand, be healthfull in thy parting
 From lost mortality: thus, thus, I free it. *Exit him*

Isb. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink. *Org.* Keep up thy spirit:
 I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
 Paine, which I stripe to cure, were to be cruel.

Isb. Nimble in vengeance I forgive thee; follow
 Safety, with best success & may it prosper!
Pentheus, by thy side thy brother bleeds:
 The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith;
 Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet,
 With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
 In my last breath, which on the sacred Altar
 Of a long look'd for peace - now - moves - to heaven! *Exit him*

Org. Farewell, faire spring of manhood; henceforth welcome
 Best expectation of a noble sufrance:
 I'll locke the bodies safe, till what must follow
 Shall be approu'd - Sweet Twins shine stars for ever!

In vaine they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
 No monument lasts but a happy Name. *Exit Orgilus*

Actus Quintus: Scena prima.

Enter Bassani alone.

Bas. **A** Thus, to *Athens* I have sent, the Nursery
 Of Greece for learning, and the Fount of knowledge;

The Broken HEART.

For here in *Sparsa* there's not left amongst vs
One wise man to direct, we're all turn'd madcaps:
'Tis said, *Apollo* is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knowes the vertue of 'em:
To *Delphos* I haue sent to; if there can be
A helpe for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter Orgilus:

Org. Honour

Attend thy counsels euer. *Bass.* I beseech thee
With all my heart let me goe from thee quietly,
I will notought to doe with thee of all men.
The doubters of a Hare, or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch, to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose in, and no more,
Croaking of Ravens, or the screech of Owles,
Are not so boading mischief as thy crossing
My priuate meditations: shun me, prethe;
And if I cannot lone thee hartily,
I'll lone thee as well as I can. *Org.* Noble *Bassani*
Mistake me not. *Bass.* Phew, then we shall be troubled;
Thou wert ordain'd my plague, heaven make me thankfull,
And giue me patience too, heaven I beseech thee.

Org. Accept a league of amity, for henceforth,
I vow by my best Genius, in a sillable,
Neuer to speake vexation; I will find
Service and friendship with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards 'ee.

Bass. Heydey! good words, good words, I must believe 'em;
And be a Coxcombe for my labor. *Org.* Vle not
So hard a Language; your midnoubt is causeless:

For instance; if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As Chronicle, or history ne're mentioned,
As followes not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a Theame for imitation,
The first, the *Index* pointing to a second,
I will acquaint 'ee with an vnmatch'd secret,

The Broken HEART,

Whose knowledge to your griefes shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not (*Orgilus*) 'tis in the power
Of the gods onely; yet for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine vtterance,
Vnforc'd, and naturallie free, be resolute
The Virgin Bayes shall not withstand the lightning
With a more carelesse danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation: could it moue
Distraction in a senselesse marble statue,
It should finde me a rocke: I doe expect now
Some truth of vnheard moment. *Org.* To your patience
You must adde priuacie, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd vp in *Iones* owne bosome.

Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner peate. *Org.* Lastly, to such direction
As the seuerity of a glorious Action
Deserues to lead your wisdom and your iudgement,
You ought to yeeld obedience. *Bass.* With assistance
Of will and thankfulness. *Org.* With manly courage
Please then to follow me. *Bass.* Where e're, I feare not.

Scene 2. Lowd musicke.

*Enter Gronas and Hemophil leading Euphranes, Christalla and
Philema leading Propheta, Marchus supporting Calantha
Crotolon, and Ameluz; and a band of Musicke, all make a band.*

Cal. We misse our seruant *Isboetes* and *Orgilus*,
On whom attend they? *Cro.* My sonne, gracious Princess,
Whisper'd some new deuise; to which these Rencs
Should be but vnder; wherein Donnetus
Lord *Isboetes* and he himselfe are Actors.

Cal. A faire excuse for absence: as for *Basilius*,
Delights to him are troublesome; *Cro.* He is with the King. *Cal.* On to the dance!
Deare Cozen, hand you the Bride, the Bridegroome must be
Intrusted to my Countship: be not idle.

Euphr.

The Broken HEART.

Euphrasia, I shall scarcely prove a temptresse;
Fall to our dance.

Musicks.

Nearchus dance with *Euphrasia*, *Prophilus* with *Calantha*,
Christalla with *Homophil*, *Philema* with *Gronas*.

Dance the first change; during which, Enter *Armestes*.

Arm. The King your father's dead. ——— in *Calantha's* care;

Cal. To the other change. *Arm.* Is't possible?

Dance againe. Enter *Bassanes*.

Bass. O Madam!

Pembra, poore *Pembra's* staru'd. *Cal.* Beshrew thee,

Lead to the next. *Bass.* Amazement duls my senses.

Dance againe. Enter *Orgilus*.

Org. Brave *Isboles* is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this musicke sounds? Strike vp more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart

Which treads the nimble measure. *Org.* I am thunder-strucke;

Least change. Cease musike.

Cal. So, let us breath a while: hath not this motion
Rais'd fresher colour on your cheeks? *Near.* Sweet Princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels

The beauty of your white. *Cal.* We all looke cheerfully;

And Cozen, 'tis, me thinks, a rare presumption

In any, who profess our lawfull pleasures

Before their owne severe censure, to interrupt

The custome of this Ceremony blunty.

Near. None dares, Lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voyce deliver'd to me
How that the King was dead. *Arm.* The King is dead;

That fatall newes was mine; for in mine armes

He breath'd his last, and with his Crowne bequeath'd 'ee

Your mothers wedding Ring, which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange! *Cal.* Peace crown his ashes: we are queen then.

Near. Long live *Calantha*, Spoye & Soveraigne Queene.

Omnes. Long live the Queene. *Cal.* What whisper'd *Bassanes*?

Bass. That my *Pembra* murther'd father
Was staru'd to death. *Cal.* Shee's happy; she hath finish'd

A long and painfull progresse. — A third murmur
Pierc'd mine unwilling eares. *Org.* That *Libelos*
Was murder'd; rather butcher'd, had not brauery
Of an vndantied spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last Act triumph ouer ruine.
Arm. How? murder'd? *Cal.* By whose hand? *Org.* By mine; this
Was instrument to my reuenge: the reasons
Are iust and knowne: quit him of these, and then
Neuer lin'd Gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abillment to steere a kingdom.
Cros. Fye *Orgilus*. *Emph.* Fye brother. *Cal.* You haue done it;
Bas. How it was done let him report, the forfeit
Of whose alleageance to our lawes doth conuet
Rigour of Iustice; but that done it is,
Mine eyes haue beene an euidence of credit
Too sure to be convinc'd. *Armistres*, rent not
Thine Arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities; thou'lt lost a Nephew,
A Neece, and I a wife: continue man still,
Make us the patterne of digesting euils,
Who can out-line my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sinke a soule
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors:
But I haue seal'd a covenant with sadnesse,
And enter'd into bonds without condition
To stand these tempests calmly; marke me, Nobles,
I doe not shed a teare, not for *Penibia*,
Excellent misery! *Cal.* We begin our reigne
With a first Act of Iustice: thy confession,
Vnhappy *Orgilus*, doomes thee a sentence;
But yet thy fathers, or thy sisters presence
Shall be excus'd: giue, *Crosus*, a blessing
To thy lost sonne. *Emphrasa*, take a farewell,
And both be gone. *Cros.* Confirme thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution. *Emph.* Could my tears speake,
My griefes were sleight. *Org.* All goodnesse dwell amongst yee:
Enioy my life; *Penibia*, my vengeance

The Broken HEART.

Aym'd neuer at thy preiudice. *Cal.* Now withdraw:

Exeunt Crocalon, Propbilus, & Enphragus

Bloody relator of thy staines in blood;
For that thou hast reported him whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him,
With honourable mention; make thy choyce
Of what death likes thee best, there's all our bounty,
But to excuse delayes, let me (deare Cozen)
Intreat you and these Lords see execution
Instant before 'ce part. *New.* Your will commands vs.

Org. One suit, iust Queene, my last; vouchsafe your clemency
That by no common hand I be diuided
From this my humble frailty. *Cal.* To their wisdomes
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference; those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now dy'd, of necessity
They must haue pay'd the debts they ow'd to nature,
One time or other. — Vse dispatch, my Lords,
Wee'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

Exeunt Calantha, Philena, Christa

Arm. 'Tis strange, these Tragedies should neuer touch on
Her female pitty. *Bass.* She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pale, and like a girle,
Put finger in the eye: let's be all toughnesse,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

New. Now *Orgilus* thy choyce. *Org.* To bleed to death.

Arm. The Executioner. *Org.* My selfe, no Surgeon.
I am well skill'd in letting blood: bind fast
This arme, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Conuey a full streame: here's a skilfull Instrument;
Onely I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this Execution,
By lending th'other pricke to th'other arme,
When this is bubbling life out. *Bass.* I am for 'ee.

It most concernes my art, my care, my credit;

Quicke, fillet both this armes. *Org.* Generous friendship
Such curtesies are rare, which flow cheerefully

Wells

The Broken HEART.

Without an expectation of requitall
 Reach me a staffe in this hand : if a pronencesse,
 Or custome in my nature, from my cradle,
 Had beene inclin'd to fierce and eager bloodshed ;
 A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
 Would haue betray'd fame to ignoble flight,
 And vagabond pursuit of dreadfull safety :
 But looke vpon my steddinesse, and scorne not
 The sicknesse of my fortune, which since *Bassant*
 Was husband to *Pembea*, had laine bed-rid :
 We trifle time in words : thus I shew cunning
 In opening of a veine too full, too liuely.

Arm. Desperate courage. *Org.* Honourable infancy.

Leu. I tremble at the sight. *Gren.* Would I were loose.

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broacht ;
 The vessel must be found from which it issues ;
 Graspe hard this other sticke : I'll be as nimble.
 But prethe looke not pale ; haue at 'ee, stretch out
 Thine arme with vigor, and vnshooke vertue.

Good : o I enny not a Riuall fitted
 To conquest in extremities ; this pastime
 Appears maiestickall : some high tun'd poem
 Hereafter shall deliner to posterity

The writers glory, and his subjects triumph :

How is't man, droope not yet. *Org.* I feele no pallsies :

On a paire royall doe I wait in death ;

My Soueraigne, as his Liegeman ; on my Mistresse,

As a deuoted seruant ; and on *Libertie*,

As if no brane, yet no vnworthy enemy :

Nor did I vse an engine to intrap

His life, out of a slavish feare to combate

Youth, strength, or conning, but for that I durst not

Ingage the goodnesse of a cause on fortune,

By which his name might haue out-fac'd my vengeance :

In *Tecnicus*, inspir'd with *Phabus* fire,

I call to mind thy Augury, 'twas perfect ;

Reuenge proues its owne Executioner.

The Broken HEART.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust 'a was first fram'd on, thus he totters.

Bass. Life's fountaine is dry'd vp. *Org.* So falls the Standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature:
A mist hangs o're mine eyes; the Sun's bright splendor
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow:

Welcome thou yce that first about my heart,
No heat can euer thaw thee. *Near.* Speech hath left him.

Bass. A' has shooke hands with time: his funerall vne
Shall be my charge: remoue the bloodlesse bodie;
The Coronation must require attendance:
That past, my few dayes can be but one mourning.

Exeunt.

An Altar covered with white:

*Two lights of Virgin wax, during which musicks of Recorders, enter
four bearing libockes on a bease; or in a obaine, in a rich robe, and
a Crowne on his head; place him on one side of the Altar, after
him enter Calantha in a white robe, and crown'd Euphrasia;
Philema, Christalla in white, Nearchus, Armoses, Crocalon,
Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanos, Lemophil, and Gronem. Calan-
tha goes and kneeles before the Altar, the rest stand off, the wo-
men kneeling behind; cease Recorders during her Arations. Soft
musicke. Calantha and the rest rise doing obeysance to the
Altar.*

Cal. Our Orisons are heard, the gods are mercifull:
Now tell me, you whose loyalties payes tribute
To vs your lawfull Soueraigne, how vnskillfull
Your duties or obedience is, to render
Subiection to the Scepter of a Virgin,
Who haue beene euer fortunate in Princes
Of masculine and stirring composition?
A woman has enough to governe wisely
Her owne demeanours, passions, and diuisions.
A Nation warlike and iour'd to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brooke
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsaile, how you may aduise vs
In choosing of a husband whose abilities

Can

The Broken Heart

Can better guide this kingdom. *Cal.* *Small Lady,*
Your law is in your will. *Cal.* We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to be true.

Cal. Yet if you highness seek to see
By your owne iudgement both allow and like of
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height. *Cal.* Hold you the same mind.

Bass. Alas great mistress, reason is so clouded
With the thicke darkness of my miseries
That I see not, nor danger, hopes, or safety
Give me some corner of the world to where
The remnant of the minutes business
Where I may heare no sounds, but sad complaints
Of Virgins who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; of of fathers
Weeping upon their childrens slaughter'd carcasses;
Or daughters groaning on their fathers hearbs;
And I can dwell there, and with absteinent content
As musicall apprehensions what you look for
From an old foolish peevish doing man,
But crasiness of age. *Cal.* *Coron of Argos. New. Madam.*

Cal. Were I perfectly
To choose you for my Lord, he open freely
What articles I would propose to make
Before our marriage. *New. Name them verily.*

Cal. I would presume you would remain the royall
Of *Sparta* in her owne boundes; then in *Argos*
Armostes might be Viceroy; in *Messene*
Might *Crotol* beare sway, and *Bassani*

Bass. I, Queene? alas! what I? *Cal.* Be *Sparta's* Marshall;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefes: these Gentlemen,
Gronus and *Lemophil*, with worthy pensions
Should wait vpon your person in your Chamber;
I would bestow *Christalla* on *Amalus*,

The Broken Heart

Shee'll prove a constant wife, and Philome
Should into *Testament* This is a Testament
It sounds not like conditions and hostages

Near. All this should be performed
He should be (*Cetera*) solemnly intrested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments
Which his deare friend, and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoy'd. *Cal.* I am worthy
To live in your remembrance. *Sir.* Excellent Lady

Near. Madam, what means that word neglected husband?

Cal. Forgive me: now I turne to thee thou shadow
Of my contracted Lord: be witness all
I put my mother wedding Ring upon
His finger, 'twas my fathers last bequest
Thus I new marry him whose wife I am; and
Death shall not separate us. *Sir.* My Lord
I but deceiv'd your eyes with Amicks gesture
When one newe straight came huddling on her
Of death, and death, and death, still I danc'd forward
But it strooke home, and here, and in an instant
Be such meeke women, who will be reckoned one
Can vow a present end to all their sorrow
Yet lip to vow new pleasures, and our hearts
They are the silent griefes which cut the hard strings
Let me dye smiling. *Near.* Sir, thou art too soon

Cal. One kisse on these cold lips, and I am dead
Before our marriage. *Sir.* Now to sing the song
Which wait on death. *Near.* Sir, the song
I fitted for my end. *Near.* Sir, the song

Cal. I would have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor

Cal. I would have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor

Cal. I would have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor

Cal. I would have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor
I might have beene a victor

The Broken HEART,

A Song

1. All
outward senses, when I am thus
Is not vntroubled, or by peace refin'd.
2. Crownes may flourish and decay
Beauties shine, but fade away.
3. Youth may renell, yet it must
Lye downe in a bed of dust.
Earthly honors flow and waile,
Time alone doth change and last.
All, Sorrowes mingled with conuulsions,
Rest for eare,
Lone onely reines in death: though
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

Arm. Look to the Queene. Wife. Her heart is
O royall maid, would thou hadst mit this party
Yet 'twas a braue one: I must weep to see
Her smile in death. Arm. Wife. Thus said he
When you shewd him, and from time forth
The linelesse Trunke shall see the broken heart
'Tis here fulfill'd. Near. I am your King. O. Thus said he
Near. King of Sparta. Near. Her last will
Shall neuer be digrest from, wait in order
Vpon these faithfull louers as becomes vs.
The Counsels of the gods are neuer knowne,
Till men can call th' effects of them their owne.

FINIS

THE PROVERBS
OF
SOLOMON

It is not untroubled or by peace we find

THE PROVERBS
OF
SOLOMON

VV Here Noble Indgement, and choice are fix'd
To grace Engage, there fits Truth not mix'd

With Ignorance: these virtues may command
Relapse, & begeth the art, & they understand
Let some say this is wisdom: & some say the Science
Fell from its height: & wonder that the Meane
Will toler'd in such a growing passion
As if it were a fadde, or fashion:

But who can see the end of this? & who can see
The end of this? & who can see the end of this?
Yet 'twas a thing of no small use
Her name in death: & who can see the end of this?
The end of this? & who can see the end of this?

King of Spaine, & who can see the end of this?
Shall never be digg'd from out his order
Upon these faithful bones, & who can see the end of this?
The Councils of the good, & who can see the end of this?

FINIS

FINIS

LOUES

Sacrifice.

612.9.3
83

A
TRAGEDIE

RECEIVED GENERAL
RALLY WELL.

K Ford (V)

Acted by the QUEENES Ma-
jesties Seruants at the Phoenix in
• Drury-lane.

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